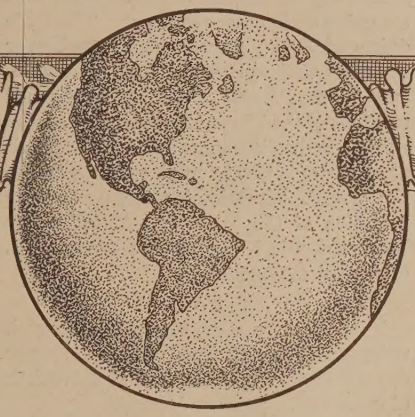
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

April 23, 1921



God's Dreams

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams,
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all;
But shall we despise them—God's dreams?

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams;
Can we say nay as they claim us?
That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
That pride of dominion and power shall fail,
That love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all;
But shall we despise them—God's dreams?

Thomas Curttis Clark.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery" says the old proverb, and Christianity offers no better evidence of the effectiveness of its missionary work than in the changes that are going on in other religions. The Buddhists of Japan some time ago took over the methods employed in Sunday schools, and in the Y. M. C. A. The general methods of the Christian schools are copied and the only difference is that the Buddhist ethics is taught in place of the Christian gospel. The Islamic world now has an imitation of the Y. M. C. A. called the World Islamic Young Men's Association. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

If there were everywhere to-day such unity and patriotism as prevailed in war days, then we might feel sure of the rebirth of the world. (*Bishop Nicolai.*)

υ λ

At the foundation of the Joseph Medill School of Journalism in Northwestern University this word was read from Stephen Lausanne, editor of *Le Matin*, Paris: "That which is most essential in journalism is the love, the worship, of truth. The journalist has but one ancestor, Diogenes, and, like Diogenes, he goes everywhere, with his lantern, searching for the truth. The most important attribute of a journalist is good faith." (*The Christian Register.*)

υ λ

Bull-fights in Mexico! What a barbarous state of civilization, or uncivilization, must exist there! But what must the bull fighters and the witness of this cruel sport think of our civilization, guilty of weekly lynchings, in which men and women, American citizens, are riddled with bullets, clubbed to death, burned at the stake! (*Our Dumb Animals.*)

υ λ

Secretary of Labor Davis scored a diplomatic success by inviting Secretaries Wallace and Hoover to advise with him at the conference with the packing house employers and employees. The employees' representative says that the men agreed to cut because "the three Secretaries held that wages must come down." The incident suggests the possibility of the influence of a permanent board of conciliation of weighty personnel. As an administration success the prevention of a packers' strike is noteworthy. (*The Springfield Republican.*)

υ λ

Instead of wondering what you would do with a rich man's income, consider for a moment what he would do with yours. (*Youth's Companion.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

You can not fool nature; you are going to reap that which you sow.

* *

Our men are going some, but our women have about a century the start of them.

* *

People will not know you have a good thing if you go about saying, "It seems sort of good, but you never can tell!"

* *

There is too much theological unveracity in some pulpits—the word is more gentle-like than hypocrisy, but gets there just the same.

* *

We have known religious impressions which were just about as deep and lasting as the complexion of the young lady with the vanity box!

* *

Don't say "Don't" to the young man of adventurous spirit. You may not know where he is going, perhaps he does not know, but he is alive and on the way somewhere, and he is not devoid of sense. If he is on the wrong road, the chances are he will discover it, and he will believe his experience, even if he doubts your word.

* *

For the world to be economically sound, every individual should produce as much as he uses, with a margin to pay for his own childhood, and should "do unto others as he would that others should do unto him." For the world to be morally sound, every individual should give as much morality as he demands from others, and should estimate the lives of all people as he would that others should estimate his own life.

* *

The Light That Failed

"If America were to take the position she did during the war for right and justice, I think we would be able to arrange the future easily." These words of the French Premier, Briand, have an undertone of tragic reproach for every American to whom America is first of all a new way in which God is coming into the life of the world. That we have seemingly sunk back into provincial selfishness is cause for sorrow, but not for despair. In the light of the world's tragedy we had a great vision of our greater selves. It seems to fail in the light of common day. Perhaps it will take another and darker night to make us willing to trust and follow "the light that never was on sea or land." Better that than to forget.

Let Us Go Forward

The Murray Crusade is the symbol of the greatest and most inspiring movement in our recent history. It is the conscious and common endeavor to gather up all that the Universalist Church has and is for the service of humanity in the crisis of its fate. That more individuals have definitely joined our fellowship in the last three months than in any recent year is splendidly significant. Finer and more inspiring still is the deepening purpose and growing consecration everywhere apparent. Whether we shall come to Detroit with an actually doubled membership or not, we are surely coming to our next Convention with an increase of spiritual resource that is itself the sure prophecy of great achievement.

The Hope of To-morrow

There is an eager insistence on the part of many of our finest young ministers that the Detroit Convention shall mark a general advance of the Universalist Church in the field of applied Christianity. We hope and believe that will be the case. Some of the more ardent spirits feel that the older men lack sympathy with this endeavor. We hope and believe that is untrue. Some, at least, among the elder brethren have been toiling for many years to get the Universalist affirmation of Universal Brotherhood actually at work in human society. But they have learned through disappointment and heartbreak that between Egyptian bondage and the freedom of the promised land are years of wilderness ways and desert places. Like Moses, they no longer expect to live to reach the goal. They are content to spend their days helping to make the way surer for youth—and easier than they have found it. God forbid that youth should lose its eagerness, but, lacking Moses, Joshua, too, might have died in the desert.

* *

A DISTORTION OF EASTER

It is reported that at one of the northern shore resorts, more than two hundred thousand people were in the board-walk parade, and half as many more were on the sidelines observing the show. Then

follows a more or less detailed description of the costumes worn, and the conclusion that it was the most spectacular exhibition of spectacular raiment ever seen on that notorious stage. And the amount of money represented was almost beyond computation.

Naturally the thoughtful questions, what has all this to do with the Resurrection? The grub and the butterfly may tell us something! For those fluttering butterflies on the board-walk are the products of the grubbing grubs in offices, stores and breathless tenements. The grub from which the real butterfly emerges becomes but a dried and withered shell. Perhaps there is some spiritual satisfaction in having given birth to so brilliant a creature, and it is to be hoped, for there is little gratification in being a dried and withered shell, quite dead and unfeeling. The question is, is the butterfly worth the sacrifice of a whole lot of perfectly good grubs?

But more serious still is the thought that this giddy throng is exploiting what it did not produce, and in the pageant are revealed the inequalities and extravagance of possessions in a time when our whole country is facing the most stupendous and sinister economic problem of its history, and right through the world, to the other side, there are literally millions of human beings, the children of God, our brothers, starving.

What has all this to do with the commemoration of the Resurrection? We have no quarrel with those who, being competent, can stage the beautiful. We like to see the spectacle that appeals to the esthetic, but why should this day of sacred memories be so cruelly distorted? This board-walk exhibit is conspicuous because of its exaggeration, but it is reproduced in nearly every church in some measure, where multitudes substitute regalia for religion and make use of religion to display the regalia.

We are far removed from being finicky, but in these days of strained conditions at home and starvation abroad, only a lapse from the elemental principles of the religion of Christ can explain, but not excuse, this heartless display. And if such display seems necessary for the expression of primitive nature, if there must be a spring blossoming in the artistic, why should this most holy day of all the year be selected and its observance distorted into a fanciful caricature, which is made a substitute for worship?

* *

WHAT IS TRUTH, AND WHAT FOR?

THOUGH the world is seeking truth, there is nothing the world treats so badly. It can not bear it; it is afraid of it; it wants it only in diluted forms; we do not like to be unmasked by it; we dread the person who speaks the truth, and avoid him. The great men of thought have in all ages been scorned and persecuted because they told the truth. People resented being awakened from their dreams of pleasure and ease, so they made an outcry against the man, thinking they could thus still the voice. But we can not kill truth. You can kill the thinker, but you can not kill the thought.

Jesus, the humble young Jew, way back there two thousand years ago, would not have been noticed had it not been for the truth he proclaimed; those people would never have killed that good man, but they could not stand his message, and thought they could destroy the message by destroying the man. But instead they magnified and perpetuated the truth he bore. Men rise and fall like the tides, they come and go as the winds, they battle over opinions, and quarrel over facts, yet through all this change and confusion there is truth which abides. And he who would live well must grasp and hold to truth, and live for that.

And here is the function of all religions: to bring the abiding principles of right-living to the men and women of to-day, and, having those principles, to stand by them as Jesus stood by his standards. We shall often feel that there is only failure awaiting us; we shall fear mistakes, because all around us will crowd consequences which seem wrong; all around will be our friends urging us to turn back, to give up, not to make the struggle; to think something else is easier; to go with the crowd instead of against it. But the whole past of the world's experience, the whole lesson of our own nature, the whole elemental lesson of religion, affirm that we are to hold on to truth, be true to the truth, and in proportion as we do this in any field of life, we win.

* *

THE VALUE OF ONE SUBSCRIPTION

ONE day in June, one hundred and two years ago, there came into the boot-shop where Thomas Whittemore was serving his apprenticeship, an unknown man soliciting subscriptions to the *Universalist Magazine*, which was described as a "small weekly paper about to be commenced, and to be edited by the Rev. Hosea Ballou."

In his autobiography, Mr. Whittemore says: "It was not necessary for him to urge me to subscribe for it, for although I had not the price of a year's subscription ($2.40) in the world, I trusted that sometime before the year should end I should have it, and should thus be enabled to discharge the obligation. I can not describe the interest with which I read this little paper. . . . The reading of this paper brought up vividly again the impressions I had received from hearing the Rev. Mr. Turner at Charlestown; and I became quite persuaded that Universalism was a doctrine of the Scriptures, and, if the Bible was the Word of God, the doctrine of God. Still at this time (July 1819) I was an attendant at the Baptist meeting, for I did not leave there until the spring of 1820."

That subscription to the *Universalist Magazine* was one of the determining factors which gave to our Church that beloved pioneer in the faith, who for thirty-three years ably edited *The Trumpet*, the successor to Father Ballou's paper; who wrote ten books and many pamphlets; and who preached Universalism with great power and effectiveness.

Who can tell whether or not something similar is occurring now during the campaign of the Universalist Comrades to multiply the number of readers of *The Universalist Leader*. It may be that some Comrade, while influencing some young man to subscribe to our Church paper, is doing something to develop another Whittemore. Are you the one who is doing that something?

"A Service of Love in War Time"

The Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., D. D.

THE Congressional Library in Washington acquired last year over 7000 volumes in the German language alone which dealt with "The Great War." At the same time there came into the library other thousands of volumes also dealing with the war and written in Italian, French, and various other languages. As for books in English, there are many stacks filled with histories, biographies, adventures, letters, memoirs of commanders, memoirs of second lieutenants, and accounts of all kinds of special services—women in war, dogs in war, homing pigeons, spies, aviators, St. Mark's School and almost every other school, and the "27th Division" and all the other divisions and, not least of all at the end of the last shelf, in the last stack, "That Damn Y."

Into the midst of this mass of great books and trashy books there comes a book which is unique among them all: "A Service of Love in War Time," by Rufus N. Jones, professor at Haverford College and head of the American Friends Service Committee. It is the account of what the United Quakers of the United States did during the war, principally in France but also in Russia and Siberia, and since the armistice in Germany and Austria.

I have met Rufus N. Jones a number of times, and I have heard him speak in Quaker meeting. He is an Orthodox Friend, so called, but he might as well be called Hicksite or Universalist. I was genuinely impressed by the breadth, beauty, and deep religious feeling of his utterance.

Those are the qualities which characterize this new book. It is a trustworthy account, but it is also an interpretation. Here were people who labored in war time at vital tasks and who glorified their service.

The book tells, for example, about sawing boards, or putting in window sashes, or hanging doors, for destitute peasants in destroyed villages along the Marne and in the Somme, but the Quaker boy who nails and hammers writes:

"Oh, patient master workman of the world,
Shaper of all this home of human kind!
Teach me the truer trade of making doors and windows for men's souls:
Windows for letting in love's widening dawn,
Doors swinging outward freely on Truth's pleasant ways."

In France the work was divided into six departments: medical, building, works, manufacturing, agriculture, relief. Three other services had to be added: transport, maintenance, equipment. The work they did was high grade. No organization in Europe surpassed the Quakers in quick adaptability and hard common sense. They did the thing needed and did it with unusual intelligence. And they all fell to with their hands as well as their heads.

It is of the Quaker spirit, however, that I write. Mr. Jones reveals it in every page of his book, and that is why the book will feed the fires of devotion.

Here were men who felt that they could not engage in war, but who felt just as emphatically that "they could not meet the issue passively and do nothing to manifest their courage and their positive faith in the power of love." They had to go to war, face the dangers of war and by their lives testify to love in the midst of war.

When the first fifty-four Quakers reached Paris in September, 1917, J. Henry Scattergood, who had crossed with our Red Cross Commission in June, met them and said: "We are here because we feel that we must do something, not expecting an easier life than the millions who are following their light in other ways, and we are ready to do the hardest and the lowliest kind of work. It is not that our blood is any less red or our patriotism any less real. It is that we are conscious that we are the servants of a King who is above all nations—the King of Love, and we must live out His Gospel of Love."

General Forwood, of the British Army, said to me of the English Quakers: "We don't accept their principles, but they have kept their word, played the game, and showed real courage."

I personally knew many instances where Quaker boys in relief work displayed very conspicuous courage under shell fire, in the gas, or in some bombed town—at the work of "seeking and saving that which was lost." Several were decorated by French, Belgian and British authorities.

Though he tells the story with true Quaker kindness, it is hard to realize what happened to some of the Quakers, drafted, and sent to camp, who refused to perform military duties. Only a few camp commanders failed to live up to the spirit of the exemption law, but these few apparently made it very hot for the conscientious objectors. The patience of the boys under the contempt, buffeting, and actual gouging makes one think of Calvary.

Quakers keeping out of war, however, is an impossibility. There is nobility but no logic in conscientious objection. In war time whoever raises wheat or corn or cotton makes war, and that in no Pickwickian sense.

We won the last war not simply because Foch and Pershing and Sir Douglas were better generals than Ludendorf and the old Marshal Hindenburg, but because we had more iron, wheat flour, cloth and hog fat.

Whoever helps keep society going in war time helps keep the army going. If it's wrong to drive an ammunition wagon, it is wrong to drive an ambulance and wrong even to drive the mail truck or farm wagon back home.

The Quakers were gloriously illogical. These American Quakers in France and their backers here at home helped defeat Germany by keeping up the morale of civilians in France. Strong tender Quaker hands helped carry our wounded boys coming back from Chateau Thierry and Soissons. It was magnificent, but it was war.

But, logical or illogical, they draw the ine killing and even at hating. They say, we will do any

hard, dangerous, dirty, necessary job no one else wants to do, we will work patiently where no one sees us, no one praises us, we will stand hatred and injustice even, but we won't violate our consciences by standing up and killing our fellow men.

We bloody militarists who want more war had better let these Quakers go their own gait. We had better see to it that the laws exempting them are carried out "next time." We will need all of them to pick us up, and it will be a stupid waste to shut any of them in prison when they might be at work.

If that "next time" comes the front line trench will be in every door-yard, and a man will need his gas mask in Kansas as well as Flanders.

Better still would it be if we Universalists would join the Quakers now in time of peace in their testimony against war and keep our madmen from hamstringing civilization.

The service of love in war time was this: They went into the Jura mountains, felled trees, sawed lumber, manufactured portable houses, rebuilt burned villages, evacuated refugees, operated maternity hospitals, cared for the tubercular, fought contagion, picked up the wounded, helped in schools for the *mutiles,* worked at making artificial limbs, conducted children's colonies, ran tractors, plows, reapers, etc., to help peasants get in their crops, and did it so as to make the French love them. The typical French peasants didn't understand them for a long time—and maybe never—but were devoted to them.

Now these same Quakers are feeding Germans and Austrians, who are without question in terrible condition. "Mad, quite mad, my lords and gentlemen." Where are all the sound doctrines of sound theology?

But our Universalist Commission on the Public Welfare will be much interested in this:

"The Service Committee is calling upon young Friends throughout the country to look toward volunteering for at least one year of service for others before entering upon their life career in business vocations. Many types of community service are being proposed for their consideration, while the Service Committee stands ready to open the door for each specific line of activity and to provide financial assistance for the experiment. It is hoped of course that many qualified persons will thus be turned permanently into avenues of public and community service."

Was Jesus a Carpenter?*

Richard Billings

If he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, ye might well bear with him. 2 Cor. 11 : 4.

AN advertisement if it is good catches your eye, if it is good enough it catches your money. Just a year ago an advertisement was running in the great dailies that was distinctly not good enough. The Interchurch World Movement was begging for vast sums of money, and as we turned the pages of our favorite newspaper our attention was arrested by a large cut of Jesus working all by himself at a carpenter's bench, and beneath, in type that fairly screamed, the slogan, "Think what Jesus did for Labor." My first thought was of the backers of the movement—the Standard Oil, and the Guaranty Trust Company—and the blunder of our Orthodox friends in featuring Labor at all. That passed. My eyes rested on the picture of Jesus working at the carpenter's bench and as I gazed on it I asked myself, is it true that Jesus was a carpenter?

Did you ever stop to think how a trade or profession stamps itself on a man's public career? Consider our last three Presidents. Wilson was a college professor, and in his every act and utterance we recognized the academic martinet of the class room. Taft was a judge, used to slow and careful deliberation. It clung to him, and as President he could never acquire the instant and intuitive decision the great office demanded. With Roosevelt it was different. His experience as a ranchman gave him an unconventionality, a self-reliance and a vigor of body and mind that made him the most ready and resourceful of Presidents. Understanding these men without knowing their previous occupations would be next to impossible.

We meet as the disciples of Jesus. But how many of us pretend to understand him? How many of us can say with Paul, "We have the mind of Christ?" Wouldn't it help if we knew the line of work that molded him? Wouldn't you and I be getting a little nearer his point of view? Wouldn't we in fact be drawing nearer him?

Until I looked it up I never realized how slight the evidence is that Jesus was a carpenter. It all hangs on a single verse in Mark.

Before quoting it let me first relate the surrounding facts. Jesus had already entered upon his public career. After traveling through Galilee he had come home to Nazareth, where he was preaching with great power. His home people, however, instead of being proud of him, belittled his efforts and, according to Mark, said:

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses and of Juda and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us?"

This is the only statement in the whole Bible that makes Jesus out a carpenter. How much reliance can be placed upon it appears when we read the parallel passage in Matthew. Here it does not say, "Is not this the carpenter," but instead, "Is not this the *carpenter's son,* is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James and Joses and Simon and Judas, and his sisters, are they not all with us?" (Matthew 13 : 55.)

A moment's reflection will convince you that both passages have their origin in a common source. One passage hands it down to us correctly, the other incorrectly. One is right and the other is wrong.

*Address given at Universalist Comrades' Laymen's Service at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City, March 13. Mr. Billings is a railroad president of New York City and Woodstock, Vt.

Is the Matthew rendering making Joseph and not Jesus the carpenter the genuine one? Ordinarily Mark is considered the most authentic of all the gospels, but in this particular instance we find the profoundest scholars favoring the Matthew version, "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Dr. Ulysses G. B. Pierce of Washington does so in his "Soul of the Bible" (the shorter Bible so beloved by liberal Christians). Dr. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, the foremost authority on Matthew, Mark and Luke, gives it the preference in his standard text book, "The First Three Gospels." Thomas Jefferson, our philosopher President, selects it in his "Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth," famous as the Jefferson Bible. If we follow these authorities, and I know of none better, then we have to conclude that the Bible is as silent on the trade of Jesus as it is on his personal appearance, and that there is no more reason for thinking that Jesus was a carpenter than that he had an effeminate face.

Because the Bible says nothing conclusive about the trade of Jesus, must we give up our search as hopeless? Ecclesiastes says "there is nothing new under the sun," but that dear old pessimist is wrong. There is always new light!

In the last century there lived in France a doctor-author, and, like Conan Doyle of our days, he had a marvelous insight into human nature. One day his nephew (who is now acknowledged as the supreme artist of the short story) came to him and asked him what he must do to become an author. This was the advice he got: "Talent is a long patience. The thing to do is to look at what you wish to describe long enough and patiently enough to discover in it an aspect that no one has ever seen or said. In everything there is something undiscovered, because we are only accustomed to use our eyes with the recollection of what people have thought before us."

Let us see if we can use our eyes without the recollection of what people have previously thought, and endeavor to discover the occupation that molded Jesus of Nazareth.

The best rule I know of for finding out about a man is the one laid down by Jesus himself. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee." Lovers of Shakespeare, unsatisfied with the meager facts recorded of him, have tried it, and turning to his works have from his words convincingly pieced out that life so full of passionate love and insane jealousy, lofty imagination and impotent inaction. In lesser degree, because his words are recorded by others, but just as surely, can we piece out this missing chapter in the life of Jesus.

What kind of man is it who is constantly talking of nature, of the birds of the air and the flowers of the field? Surely one whose work is in the great outdoors.

What is the work of a man who tells us about sheep and goats, a lost sheep, a rich man planning bigger barns, and then, with great particularity, about sowing seed on various kinds of soil, about the secret sprouting and gradual ripening of the grains, about a fig tree barren for three years, and about a vine and its branches good and bad? He was engaged in farming and specializing in horticulture.

Did Jesus own his own farm? No. Every line of the New Testament militates against his being a man of property. In what capacity then was Jesus on a farm? Some of his other sayings ought to throw light on that. Here is a second group:

Serving two masters, the servants and the talents, the unthankful husbandman, the unforgiving servant, the laborers in the vineyard, the servant waiting for his master's return, and, last but not least, the dishonest steward.

Next to husbandry or farming his most frequent topic is servants. Now there are just two classes of people that dwell on the topic of servants. First, those who can't manage them (they can't seem to talk about anything else), and second, servants themselves.

Jesus, master of men, certainly does not fall in the first category, therefore we may conclude that he belongs in the second, and was a servant or employee on a farm working with other servants. As to the position he attained there the story of the dishonest steward is enlightening. You will remember it. An incompetent manager is called on for an accounting; realizing he is about to be discharged, he hastily assembles his master's debtors and gets on their good side by cutting the bills against them twenty to fifty per cent. The proprietor, instead of putting him in jail, philosophically commends him for his shrewdness. You have always thought it a strange story on the lips of the Supreme Teacher of Morals! Yes, but it ceases to be strange when we realize that the incident it describes is just the sort that would appeal to a man who had been a steward himself.

Summing up our findings: The parables of Jesus disclose him first as a man who had engaged in farming and had a bent for horticulture, second, not as an owner, but as an employe who rose to the position of manager or steward. Putting the two together, we find that he emerges as the steward in charge of the vineyards and gardens.

The young manhood of Jesus, then, was not spent in the solitude of a shop but out in the open working with others. There he learned his lessons of nature and human nature. Thus he gained the discipline of obedience and command so that at the end of his experience he could say with the Roman centurion, who so shrewdly appraised him, "I also am a man under authority having under myself subordinates, and I say to this one 'go' and he goeth, to another 'come' and he cometh, and to my servant 'do this' and he doeth it."

This is the character Paul had in mind when he said he took the form of a servant. This is the person John pictures in that beautiful resurrection story when Mary Magdalene mistakes the Master, not for a carpenter, but for the gardener of Joseph of Arimathea.

The vital question of course is how this experience molded him. It was brought in the last days of his career by his disciples. With their own eyes they had seen him do those acts of loving kindness that have come to us as miracles; from his own lips they had heard such parables as the Good Samaritan, but, strange to say, they had missed the point of it all. Full of worldliness and theology, they were wrangling among themselves as to who should be greatest, not

in the kingdom of heaven, but in the Messianic kingdom of Jewish expectation. It was then that Jesus turned to James and John and said: "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your servant, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your bond servant."

Man is essentially a dependent creature. He is like certain sea beings, such as the medusae, which can not live, though they be animals, without attaching themselves to some rock.

When you examine any human greatness you will always discover it consists in a human spirit finding some cause or principle or person and giving himself up to it. There is no heroism that is not self-surrender.

The good mother is one who is tied to her children. A man's passions never become noble till they are chained to the woman he has chosen. It is this sense of obedience, of servitude, of bondage to another in our innermost will and feeling, that lends honor and stature to our commonest human relations.

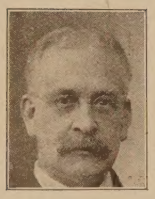
Freedom is only a superficial and relative term; it can only mean renouncing a lower master for a higher one.

Those who seek to be entirely independent, to do as they please, to be their own master, become speedily slaves to the worst of masters, their own appetite.

The beauty of a worthy master is that he sets us free. Only as we find that to which we can look up and reverence do we escape from the irritating slavery of self. If the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed.

Editorial Correspondence

From the Southland



A SOCIAL and economic revolution unparalleled in recent history is going on right here in our midst, and one sector of the bloodless battle is being fought right here on my front porch, in this Southern city. As an innocent bystander, I am still unwounded, but intensely interested.

Like all parsons, I have the pleasure and the honor of being poor in a financial way, but have Croesus on the way to the poorhouse when it comes to the joy and worth of living! I never had an automobile or a steam yacht, and I never expect to have. But why should I, when other people have so many and are never so happy, and never get so much out of their possession, as when they are taking me, or some other of the so-called non-productives, for a ride?

I get all swelled up with pride and vainglory sometimes when I think what a benevolent creature I am; I do not have to establish a ten-million-dollar "foundation" to help others; I am doing it myself, and helping those people all the other "foundations" overlook, the unfortunate rich who need to have some one to help them enjoy the things they have so many of they do not know what to do with them.

And while I am thankful to them for their noble efforts in my behalf, and appreciate all they do, and enjoy with all my heart, under other and more enduring standards "me and Rockefeller" are in the same business of trying in our own ways to make the world a little better and happier, and Rockefeller as he gets older, and is trying to get rid of his burdening responsibilities, is only a few laps behind me in the race!

One phase of the great revolution manifests itself in the changing of standards of value. Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Bryan, has recently been dynamiting the dollar-mark as the sign of worth, and setting up the word "Service" in its place, and under the new *regime*, when we call the roll of the rich, the name that leads all the rest is Jesus of Nazareth, who had not where to lay his head. And Mr. Bryan is but placing the emphasis upon the great function of the Christian Church, which the Church itself has overlooked in its mad theological obsession.

This revolution is not boisterous; it leaves no trenches full of the slain; it works often by indirection. It is preached in churches, that is, some churches, but usually so roiled with dogmatic mud that it is not clear to anybody. But it is preached out of doors when Mr. Bryan addresses his Bible class of several thousands, and the people receive it gladly, because it is the Gospel, with never a thought that the church which has made Mr. Bryan and his message possible is right there within a stone's throw, and they will not go to the church "because they have heard Mr. Bryan."

This new and greater message and standard of living is coming into the world through hundreds of other channels. Every fraternal organization in existence that is pluming itself on its virtue has simply taken one or more of the elementary principles of Christ and is specializing on them; every one is appealing through its membership for human service. There is not a newspaper in the country to-day, of any considerable standing, that is not giving more and more space to religion, ethics and service. And no political party would dare go before the electorate and ask endorsement did it not put forth in some form its profession of service. It may not even intend to live up to its platform, but it knows the people will not stand for the old policy of "get," and the average man or woman is judging, not by profession but by practise. This revolution is well on the way, and makes a mighty appeal for enlistment to the men and women of virility and vision.

This is where my front porch comes in. Scattered along its length there are the finest people in the world—the average man and woman—who make up the great body of our nation. I am always proud of those who attain great heights in any field of human activity, and grateful for them and to them, and to associate with them is like being at the top of the highest mountain. But few care to live forever upon the peak. I am always sorry for the submerged tenth, but even they can teach us something if we let them, and they give us abundant opportunity for service

if we are good enough to want it, and wise enough to render it. But we do not want to live in the slums. Between these extremes, with the average man and woman, is the field where the flowers of real life bloom and the fruits mature.

Here they are, as on all other porches, representing all the geographical states, and all the dispositional states, all the temperamental states, all the social states, and all together as truly a "happy family" as ever was seen behind the bars of the cage in the circus, but, as with all of us under certain conditions, a bit queer. That is, they do queer things without knowing it. Most of them are very well-to-do, some of them more so. At home they have fine large homes, elegant homes in some cases, with all the room they want, and servants—when they can get and keep them—to care for them. They would scorn to do their own work there, they would not be seen doing such a menial thing as carrying a bundle on the street, but they wanted a change, and so they came down here and literally live in a paper bag! Just think of it, great merchants, and bankers, and doctors, and lawyers, and ministers, living in a paper bag and paying for the privilege! Why, it has reached the point when it is almost indecent to be seen on the street without a paper bag! One is as shocked to meet a person without a paper bag on our streets as one is in Boston to meet a girl without her eyeglasses!

And that is a significant part of the great revolution; we are all becoming democratic; we have been driven to do for ourselves, and so we condense ourselves from the ten room house measurement to two alleged rooms with kitchenette and bath, and we do our own marketing, and do our own cooking, and do our own mending; in fact we are slowly learning to mind our own business, not because we want to but because we have been forced to. And the joy of it all is that we are learning to like it. And out of the revolution there is coming peace; not the old peace but a new peace, when each one will serve his neighbor better because he has learned to serve himself.

F. A. B.

The Murray Lectureship

The Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.

I AM repeatedly asked about the Murray Lectureship. When it is learned, for instance, that Stanley Manning is about to undertake a pilgrimage in the interest of the Lectureship, his friends, whose name is Legion, want to know what that means. What is the Murray Lectureship? How did it originate? What is it doing?

At the suggestion of Dr. McCollester, the Baltimore Convention instructed its Board of Trustees to inaugurate a Lectureship, name it in honor of the founder of our Church, and send some one out to scatter the seeds of our truth broadcast. This was immediately done. The original idea seems to have been to have one man do this work. As the plan developed it seemed wise to enlist a large number of men.

It has long been felt to be a weakness in our Church that the ablest men are installed over the strongest churches and that the smaller, weaker and more remote churches, where the need is greatest, must get along with such service as they can secure, and often with no minister at all. The Murray Lectureship undertakes to remedy this defect by drafting some of our ablest preachers and sending them on missions of propaganda.

For instance, last spring we demanded from the Worcester church the services of Dr. Tomlinson for a month. The Lectureship Committee agreed to supply the pulpit of his church while the pastor was away, and to pay his expenses, and the trustees of his church granted him a leave of absence. So we made out his itinerary and sent him forth with our blessing. He preached all the way across the continent to California, then north into Colorado and Washington and back again by the northern route. That he met with a hearty welcome and aroused enthusiasm goes without saying. Now we are about to send him again, this time on a shorter trip, to hit some of the spots that he missed before.

More recently we laid violent hands upon Dr. Milburn of Salem and sent him down to help Harry Canfield and Robert Kellerman in North Carolina. They needed him much, and worked him in a scandalous manner that would have sent an ordinary man to a sanitarium. But Dr. Milburn eats hard work and grows fat on the diet. So we are about to send him again for a short trip, and his loyal church cheers him and lets him go.

Then came a cry for help from Alabama, where they are doing admirable work for our cause, and we were glad to respond. This time we went to Haverhill and tagged Leroy Coons. "Get thee out of thine own country," said we, and he got. The Haverhill people know that they have one of the best preachers in the denomination and were proud to show him to the Alabama folks. So we sent some good people to take care of his church while the minister was gone, and he began to proclaim our gospel and did not stop to take breath for a month. Now he is back at the old stand. But we are going to send him again just as soon as the Haverhill church can spare him.

One of the things which the Lectureship claims with satisfaction is the movement at Miami, Florida. We sent Dr. Bisbee there last winter to spy out the land, and he found it one flowing with milk and honey, as any one who reads his editorial letters has perceived. He liked it so well and the land seemed so promising that the Convention authorities have sent him back for an entire winter, and there is growing under his skillful leadership a fine church composed of admirable men and women.

Then, again, Stanard Dow Butler has been doing excellent work in Florida and as he comes North the Murray Lectureship proposes to capture him and make him preach his way from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Soon, Dr. Perkins of Lynn will go to Illinois and

neighboring states for a month, and his going will release Dr. Brigham, who will hasten to Kentucky to help Superintendent Chapman spread the gospel into the remote corners of the state.

And so, learning that Stanley Manning contemplated a trip as far as Texas on behalf of the Young People's Christian Union, of course the Murray Lectureship has drafted him into the cavalry and he will be expected to ride two horses. Trust him to do it to the cowboys' taste. So the Lectureship and the Union go halves on Stanley Manning. At first the Lectureship demanded the upper half of him, on the plea that he could walk for the Union and talk for the Lectureship. But that seemed to meet with objection, and we are to divide him perpendicularly. He will be expected to preach in Brother Brooks's tent in Texas as many times as possible, and, all the way out, and all the way back, make as much noise as possible, proclaim the gospel, endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and all the time smile the genuine Manning smile, for that is worth as much as anything he can say.

That is what the Murray Lectureship means, what it is doing and what it plans to do in the immediate future. We commend our representatives to the faithful everywhere.—*From Onward.*

English Letter

From Our Special Correspondent

AT the moment of writing, our friends in the Episcopal Church are engaged in a nice little family quarrel. When you have a State Church you can depend upon a fairly frequent storm in the ecclesiastical teacup. Should women be allowed to preach to mixed congregations in consecrated buildings? That is the question that is at present agitating the clerical breast. Miss Maude Royden, who was formerly the colleague of Dr. Fort Newton at the City Temple, and who is in some ways one of the most successful of our preachers, is the note of challenge on behalf of her sex. Yesterday (Good Friday) she conducted the three hours service at St. Botolph's in the city, but it was without the sanction and against the distinctly expressed wish of the Bishop of London. Behind the Bishop are the members of the English Church Union, who have adopted the attitude, if not the exact language, of John Knox, and are out against what he termed with more vigor than politeness the "monstrous regiment of women." These gentlemen would allow women like Miss Royden, who are much better preachers than themselves, to address "mothers" and members of the "Girls' Friendly Society," provided they did so somewhere other than in the chancel of a church, but not to have "authority over men," and they should be kept strictly within the limits imposed upon them by "the traditions of the Church and domestic decency." All of which goes to prove that the priestly mind is strangely deficient in humor, and that the very best of that commodity is given to us unconsciously. The Church of England has quite a number of empty buildings in the city of London, but her Bishop seems to have definitely decided that they had better remain wildernesses and timberyards rather than that any one of them should be lent to the supporters of Miss Royden.

Judging from the results attending her ministry in a secular hall, she might speedily fill what is at present a derelict Church, and the Bishop's obstinate conduct makes one wonder if he would regard such a happening as a disaster. Why grown men should make so much bother over feminine preaching is a mystery to the average person, and we can not be expected to treat the matter with excessive seriousness.

During the war women rendered such wonderful service and practised such a steadfast patriotism that it seems a churlish act on the part of these clerics to seek to deny them the liberty of instructing and edifying us in any way that they may desire and in any building that is suitable. The Bishops by their attitude on this and other questions seem anxious to convince us that the Episcopal Church is an inelastic organization that really belongs to a past day.

The prominence given to Miss Royden as a result of this controversy, however, seems to be exposing that lady to a very real personal danger. She is being invited to address all sorts and conditions of meetings and to give her opinion upon everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and is responding with such enthusiasm that one wonders if any one knowing as much as she evidently knows can know it all accurately. Some years ago, our best known religious journalist wrote a leading article on "The Devil in the Form of a Railway Train." Some of our popular preachers, succumbing to the temptation to travel north, south, east and west during the week, were seriously annoyed, whereat the laymen, desiring to profit by a *deeper* ministry, rejoiced greatly. Miss Royden might give a thought to the simile.

Good Friday also witnessed a most interesting experiment in Christian union. A three hours service, organized by Canon Adderley and Dr. Percy Dearmer (both Episcopal clergymen), was held in the Strand Theater (one of the largest of our London playhouses). Addresses were also given by Wesleyan Methodist, Primitive Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational ministers. Strange to say, the most "clerical" of the whole company was Dr. Orchard, the well known West End Congregationalist, whose highly emotional nature seems to have got the upper hand and to be driving him steadily toward the fold of "Mother Church." Dr. Orchard, who spoke on Mary, the mother of our Lord, and who let fall the following sentence, "When our mothers could not pray for us, then there was the mother of Jesus," was garbed after the fashion of a Cowley Father. Over a black cassock he had a big black cape fastened with a brass chain, and wore black shoes with large metal buckles. I imagine that such a figure appearing in the pulpit of the average American Congregational church would administer something of a shock to the congregation.

One hesitates to criticise in any way such a service, prompted as it was by a real desire to bring together men of many creeds but of one faith; but it is a pity that it had to be held in a theater and not in a church, and that in addition to singing hymns written by a Roman Catholic and a Unitarian it was not possible to include speakers from these two denominations. If, because of his ecclesiastical position, it was quite hopeless to invite the former, the latter should most certainly have been given the opportunity of being present. To shut out the fellow disciples of the author of "In the cross of Christ I glory," and at the same time to talk of *Christian* union, is absurd—or worse.

Howard University in Extension

The Rev. Sterling N. Brown, D. D.

DOCTOR BROWN'S splendid article in *Christian Work* is worthy of wide reading. We are glad to print the following summary:

Eighteen years ago while I was pastor of a church in the city of Washington an appeal from the wife of a Southern rural negro pastor came to me. Neither she nor her husband had had the advantage of any considerable amount of mental training. Though her husband was doing his work satisfactorily, she felt that if better fitted he could be more effective. She realized the need of the negro children for a school, and wished to start a small school in her community, giving her services without compensation. Realizing her woeful lack of preparation, she had written me, as a member of the District Board of Education, for advice.

I was struck by the real need frankly expressed, and carefully answered, saying that I would be glad to help, and enclosed a letter form for her use as a model for future correspondence. Her next letter, severely following the model letter I had sent, gave a list of heterogeneous questions without order or apparent appreciation of the class of knowledge to which each belonged. Then it occurred to me that if I really wanted to help I should map out for her a course of study and then answer questions which naturally arose from a perusal of the suggested books. The subjects chosen were of the elementary grade. In two years I found myself instructing about sixteen other students, most of whom were negro ministers of rural districts. Meanwhile the first student was teaching a thriving rural school.

During the administration of Dr. W. P. Thirkield, I read a prepared statement before the Howard University faculty indicating the need of correspondence study courses. Dr. Frank P. Woodbury, professor of homiletics at the School of Religion, and for years secretary of the A. M. A., offered to give by correspondence courses in sermonizing and allied subjects. He became director of the Correspondence Department, and has ever since been an enthusiastic co-laborer in the extension movement.

During the administration of Dr. S. M. Newman I relinquished my position as pastor to give full-time to the work, and was appointed extension director. My time was divided in three parts; one-third in the classroom, one third in the South among those needing help, and one-third in the North among those who might contribute toward the work. Gradually through lectures various religious bodies, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, and others, have become interested supporters of the work.

Howard University is recognized as the one great negro university of the world. It stands not only for the highest possible training for intelligent leadership, but just as earnestly for extending knowledge to the masses. The majority of pastors among the colored people have but little educational qualification for explaining the Scriptures or for intelligently directing the affairs of the parish. The Extension Department of Howard University faces the problem of helping this untutored body of pastors in their work of delivering their people from a superstitious and false notion of religion. The American conscience has not awakened to this un-American condition, for to reach and help these people to a better leadership is a question of humanity, patriotism and of religion in the highest sense, limited to no one creed or denomination.

"I am familiar with the extension work planned and carried on by Prof. Sterling N. Brown," writes Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale Divinity School, "and it is immensely worth while. I commend it to the favorable consideration of all who are interested in a more effective spiritual leadership for the negro race."

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PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Garden

I SPAKE unto Keturah, saying, I will make a Garden.

And Keturah said, So thou hast said, and so hast thou done, each Spring since ever I knew thee. Thou wilt make a Garden in the Spring; but who will hoe it in Summer?

And I heeded her not, but went to work. And after a time she came unto me and helped me.

And I sang unto her a song, saying:

I want to be a gardener and with the gardeners stand,
An horny-handed son of toil with an haystack in mine hand:
Beneath the tall tomato-tree I'll swing the glittering hoe,
And slay the wild potato-bug that skippeth o'er the snow.

And she inquired, saying, Didst thou make up that nonsense, or may there have been before thee another man who did it?

And I said, The song that I have sung unto thee is a free translation from the Sanskrit or some other Ancient Language which was spoken in the Garden of Eden. Thus doth mankind sing in every Spring.

And she said, Thy first father who sang that song was not a brilliant success as a Gardener.

And I said, Woman, be thou silent, and remember. My first father, even Adam, was singing that song to the tune, "I want to be an Angel," and doing very well until thy first mother came along and put him off the key.

And I sang to her yet again, saying,

I'll buy myself a Durham ram and a gray alpaca cow,
And a lock-stitch Osage-orange hedge and a patent-leather plow.

And she made no comment, for from the days of Adam there hath been one unanswerable argument which a man might use in time of need.

And I said, O Keturah, well do I know that I am a bum gardener; and that by midsummer there will be more weeds than garden-truck of my planting. Yet can I not deny myself the annual luxury of getting my own fingers into the soil, and beholding that wondrous miracle of God whereby the earth doth renew life.

And Keturah said, My lord, I know it; and I blame thee not. As a gardener thou art little improvement upon Adam, thine ancester, and he lost his job; but I am very glad to have thee get back to nature, and to go back with thee. Yea, and so long as we do this, I think we can never wholly grow old.

* * *

"MY COUNTRY FIRST"

A Comeback

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

On the editorial page of a recent number of the *Leader* you ask, "What is the difference between the man who said 'My state first' in 1861, and the man who says 'My country first' in 1921?" The answer, it seems to me, is that there may be no difference at all, and there may be all the difference between black and white. There was a difference—was there not?—between the man who said "My state first," in 1861, and the man who said "My country first"—in 1861? The man who said "My state first" was putting the smaller thing before the greater, but the man who said "My country first" saw things in their right relation to each other. During the World War there were thousands of men and women—to say nothing of those who offered their lives—who put aside their pleasure, their business, their ease and comfort, and said, "My country first." Were they wrong?

We must always put something first in relation to something else, or we will never get anywhere or do anything. Whether we are right or wrong depends largely on what we put in second place. A world in which every man loved his own country better than any other, and lived and worked, to the extent of his ability, for its best interests—and that is what "My country first" means to some of us, at least—would be a far better and happier world than the one we are now living in.

A Reader.

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NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught Through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

All Men Brothers

It is just this sense of equality, not identity or uniformity, which is needed for the present world situation. The germs of it are in the Christian faith. Missionaries are abroad for the very reason that they believe one gospel is adequate for all men, and that therefore all men are fundamentally one. Lord Kitchener issued an order during his succession to Lord Roberts which seems to say the needed word to all races. In pleading with the British army officers for better attitude toward the native officers and people he said: "Lord Kitchener feels assured that if officers in their treatment of and relations with natives will always remember, first, that they are British officers and gentlemen, and secondly, that the inhabitants of India are equally with themselves subjects of the king, a much more satisfactory state of feeling will grow up." That says the needed word. . . . But it is equally important that Christian believers remember that all other men are subjects of the same King as themselves, brothers of the same Christ. This is the point of contact where the whole world becomes one. (*Editorial in the Continent.*)

An Old Hebrew word for Prayer Meant "Judge Thyself"

Alibi-e-tis! What is it? Alibi-e-tis is a dangerous, destructive disease that chiefly confines its wicked work to the folks in the selling game, and in its virulent form renders them non-coms in the battle for business. Most of us have it but won't admit it, and the funny thing about alibi-e-tis is that until we confess its existence with us there is no cure. The symptoms are easily recognizable wherever post-mortems are being held over a sale that went dead. . . . When the sale goes over, we want the credit because we are salesmen. When we fall down, we are still salesmen (emphasis on the "still"); but it wasn't our fault 'cause "conditions were against us." You're a salesman, and your big idea is to sell goods whether conditions are for you or against you. Irrespective of conditions, the point is not that there is always a way to make a sale so much as there is always some one who can, and if you don't and blame it on conditions, man, you've got alibi-e-tis. It's a terrible thing, this alibi-e-tis, because very frequently it distorts our mind to such an extent as to make us feel that conditions really did kill the sale. . . . Are conditions changeable? Yes? Then change them to boost for you. But they are not changeable, you say. All right, then, have it your way, but why an order when they are favorable and an "excuse" when unfavorable? Man, don't you see that conditions are naturally neutral, neither for you or against you? When you land, you are a salesman; when you don't, it's alibi-e-tis! Be honest with yourself. When you book the order, shoot it in. When you don't, face the facts like a regular salesman should. Take inventory of yourself. See just what ability stock needs replenishment and load up prepared to deliver the goods on your next attempt. Stripped to the bone, alibi-e-tis is failure's apology for that lack of performance that honest efforts would have achieved." (*A. Jos. Newman, in the Gideon.*)

Ford Too Light for Inter-Racial Racing

It is this new anti-Jewish cry, based on the Protocols, which Mr. Ford has echoed in his *Dearborn Independent*, calling down upon his own head the curses of an exceedingly powerful element, and bringing to American society not the peace (of which he is so strenuous an advocate) but a sword! . . . The whole agitation has the appearance of being an abominable libel on a race which, whatever its imperfections, is more sinned against than sinning. Christianity, so-called, has no more shameful chapter than its treatment of the Jew. Those who have the responsibility of forming the opinion of Christian people should exercise the greatest care at the present juncture lest they share the guilt of this new and baseless persecution. This is no time to give credence or assent to the anti-Semitic propaganda. The peace of America and the welfare of mankind depend largely upon the effacing of racial prejudice. This agitation presents us with an opportunity as Christians to declare ourselves boldly on the side of justice for the Jew. (*Editorial in the Christian Advocate.*)

Theology—Pounded, Compounded, Expounded and Impounded, Yet "Confusion Worse Confounded"

A member of one of the large iron and steel companies, at the request of *Christian Work*, wrote an article entitled, "My Theology," for that paper several weeks ago. . . . While this layman's creed is somewhat vague concerning Christ and his redemption, and leaves much unsaid that is vital to man's sal-

vation, it is a great improvement on many statements coming from sources where theological training is more in evidence. . . . So much as to this layman's creed. What interested us fully as much is his aversion to "theology" and his assumed ignorance of it. He begins his article thus: "When the editor of the *Christian Work* invited me to write an article on 'My Theology,' I was stumped. Was he joking, or had he mistaken his man? I have never read theology, and never expect to. If I had time for any reading I think I could employ it to better advantage. If I interpret correctly the sentiment of the average reader, he is not interested in theological discussions. He may be interested in a simple statement of what one believes, if the writer can give reasons for his belief." Here is an attitude of mind toward what has been rightly called the "Queen of the Sciences" that is characteristic of the present age. Men have respect for the physical sciences; they have respect for medical science, for legal science, social science, economic science and the like; they have respect for men learned in all branches of human knowledge; but for theology and for the theologian, they have none. . . . What is this layman's statement of faith but his theology? No man can write down a creed, as he has done, and escape dealing with theology, any more than a man can take a bath and escape getting wet. Back of all the great creeds and words on theology are the earnest, lifelong labors of scholars and saints without whom the Church of God would have been left poor indeed. There is much theology that needs to be discredited; but theology in its best estate, as the unfolding of the truth of Scripture, is still the "Queen of the Sciences." (*Editorial in the Lutheran.*)

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

MAY 1—BIBLE TEACHINGS ABOUT EDUCATION

Deut. 6 : 4-9, Prov. 3 : 13-18, and Luke 2 : 40-52

Pursuit of Happiness

Our fathers, writing the Declaration of Independence, exercised a wisdom seldom rivaled in any human document, when they named—not as a complete inventory, but as suggestive illustrations—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" among the inalienable rights with which "all men created equal" have been endowed "by their creator." Life had been held cheap, and liberty was but a chance acquaintance of men in preceding days. It is remarkable that they should have had vision keen enough to name these. But more remarkable yet is the way they phrased the third as "the pursuit of happiness." Ordinary first, human thought would have said "happiness." They said the "pursuit of happiness." In teaching the passages from Proverbs, use this insight and foresight of the colonial Americans as a basis. Perhaps there is no better illustration. The wisdom and understanding they exhibited have been more for America, and through America for the world, than "the gaining of silver" or "the profit of fine gold." Yet, seeking thus the kingdom of God first—other things, including wealth, were added to America. Then turn the thought to the individual. As with the nation, so with the person. The deep insight and foresight of wisdom and understanding are so much more important for life foundations than any material wealth. Question: Were the inalienable rights and their possible enjoyment as important in the minds of early Americans as having their own way with the king? How do fundamental things rank in our minds compared with having our own way in our immediate contacts?

Wisdom and Understanding

In the pursuit of happiness, man takes naturally first the ways of the material. His eyes see these things before he realizes the spiritual. But material architecture never did more than symbolize something within and more important. Travel is enlarging. But those who can not afford the actual travel, may make the spiritual trips that find our fellow men everywhere, and know them as our kindred. In universal fellowship is real wisdom.

Pleasantness and Peace

Argument abounds concerning what is fundamental in religion. All who are interested at all desire to be right on fundamentals, but they disagree concerning what is fundamental. The Proverbs we are studying suggest that "none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto" wisdom. Truly it is obvious that wisdom is fundamental. But what seems wisdom depends on instruction, inherited instincts, and immediate environment. The illustration given is a good one: "length of days." We see at once that long life has some relation with the wisdom concerning physical health. Then come "riches and honor." Some acquire the latter and lose the former. Others never see riches or high honor, but have health and live happily, Compare and contrast these two and other things at once suggested to you by this method. Then comes the way of social enjoyment: ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. These involve human contacts. Wisdom in getting along with other people, keeping your temper and your principles both intact, is not thrust upon us by natural inheritance. It is so tightly interwoven with happiness however that the two can hardly be separate objects of human pursuit. Then, in the vision of the writer, wisdom, in all her phases, becomes the "tree of life." Compare the Eden idea of the tree with its fruit of physically edible variety and the Patmos idea of the tree whose leaves are for "the healing of the nations" (Rev. 22-2). Compare also the Eden idea of the tree forbidden, with the teaching of Jesus to "search the scriptures" and that "life eternal is to know." Why was the tree forbidden? Because this was the tree of "the knowledge of good and evil." If man ate of this he would become like God. That was the forbidden thing in all the old theology. It never contemplated that man was at all like God in nature or could become like Him. Now consider Jesus' idea of universal Fatherhood: that it was man's natural goal to "be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." In this contrast is the whole line of distinction between Orthodox Protestantism and Liberal Christianity, between the legend of Eden and the Truth of Jesus Christ.

Transmitting Desire

Education is literally to "lead out" the inherent power, but we too often translate it "drive in." To educate is not so much to transmit knowledge as it is to transmit desire. Nobody can transmit desire that does not have it. The Mosaic law must be taken as a statute that requires simple obedience without understanding if we are to follow the Eden idea that man should not know between good and evil. Rather do we find even in the writer of Deuteronomy an altogether different thought. To "Hear, O Israel" is of no real importance unless Israel is to use its own brains in interpreting. Then, too, we come here to the words that Jesus quoted as the first, great commandment: "Thou shalt love God," etc. Love and desire are mighty closely allied in human life. Even when love is given its other name of "duty" this is still true. Desire can be transmitted to the young, as can other things. But the best way of transmission is by example. You can't transmit to a child the desire for "Most High" things and yourself follow things of lower planes. Pollyanna learns the "glad game" from her father, a poor, widowed missionary, who himself followed the rules of it. She finds something to be glad about even in hard circumstances, and brings sunshine to a whole community. Desire to find the thing to be glad about brings the power to find it. Training to know good and evil, to become more and more like our heavenly Father, is the very essence of Christ's teaching. He himself, as in the passage of Luke's gospel given in this lesson, took that road of training, and "grew in wisdom and in stature." We frequently remark on growth in children, but we usually put stature first and think little of growth in wisdom. But the wisdom part is fundamental in importance. We speak of Jesus as "Master of life," because he had learned not to dodge life but to ever meet it in all its phases with kindly spirit, keen judgment, and the desire for good as a voluntary choice. Nothing in the Bible or out of it can teach more of value about education than the example of his life.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

AN APRIL MORNING

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumy willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The goldenwings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

Bliss Carman.

THE RUNAWAY DOLL

AT the top of the hill under a maple tree Mary Jane sat and looked with large round eyes upon the world. It was a beautiful world, with a sky above it as blue as Mary Jane's eyes. But she herself was lonely. It was the third day that she had been left under the maple tree while her mother spent her time in pushing Susette about in Mary Jane's own carriage.

Perhaps there was a good reason, Mary Jane thought mournfully. She was only a rag doll, and Susette was a brand-new French doll, with long golden curls, kid shoes and wonderful clothes that were fastened on with real buttons. Mary Jane was made of cloth, and her gingham clothes were sewed on.

As she sat and thought the matter over she did not much blame Dorothy, her mother. Still, she felt sad.

A hot breeze rustled the leaves on the maple and blew the dust about in little circles. If Mary Jane had been a real person, she would have known that rain was not far off and that the wind was going to blow harder and harder.

Suddenly she heard a familiar sound—the sound of a little girl singing. At first Mary Jane was sure that Dorothy was somewhere near; but after a moment she knew better. That was not Dorothy; it was some other little girl singing at the foot of the hill to her little doll child.

The voice came nearer and nearer, and soon a little girl's head bobbed into view over the edge of the hill. The newcomer did not see Mary Jane. Her eyes were fixed on something that she held in her arms. Mary Jane stared with natural curiosity at the other doll. But was it a doll? She looked closer. No; it was nothing in the world but a bundle of cloth that the little girl pretended was a doll.

Mary Jane stared. All that singing to a bundle of rags! But perhaps the bundle was the best that the little girl had; her own clothes were very shabby.

The newcomer picked a handful of daisies and then turned and started down the hill again. Presently Mary Jane heard her say, "We'll sit down here on the slope, and I'll make you a daisy chain."

A daisy chain for a bundle of cloth—how that would have amused Dorothy and Susette! And yet the little girl's voice, as she spoke to her pitiful doll, had been very sweet.

All at once Mary Jane felt more lonesome than ever. The sun had gone under a dark cloud, and the wind was beginning to blow a gale.

"I wish I could be that little girl's child," said Mary Jane.

And suddenly a strange thing happened. The wind, just as if it had heard her and understood, gave a great pounce, lifted Mary Jane from her place under the maple and blew her straight over the edge of the hill. Down the slope she went rolling and tumbling. A moment later she felt herself seized by two quick hands. Some one held her high in the air and danced her round in the wind.

"A real live doll!" some one cried. "A real live doll the wind has blown down to me!"

Mary Jane looked down into the face of the little girl who had strayed a little while before to the top of the hill; she wished she knew how to talk. Just then she thought she saw some one peering down from the top of the hill, but when she looked again the face was gone.

Something struck the tip of her nose; it was a big cold raindrop.

"There!" said the little girl. "It would never do to leave you out in the storm. I will take you home, you lovely thing, and to-morrow we'll come here again and try to find your mother."

So Mary Jane spent that night at the house of her new friend. It was a small house, not at all like the one in which Dorothy lived; but to lonely Mary Jane it seemed so cosy and happy and so full of comfort that she did not notice its plainness at all.

The next morning the little girl, whose name, it appeared, was Abbie, looked straight into Mary Jane's eyes and told her something.

"I don't know how I can stand giving you up," she said, "but you don't belong to me, you see. We must go back to the hilltop and look for the person who left you there."

Poor Mary Jane! She hoped they would not find that person. "Because," she said to herself, "Dorothy has Susette; I think I should be better off with the new mother."

Abbie crooned a loving little song to Mary Jane

as they climbed the steep hill. When they reached the top there was no one under the maple tree.

"But I must leave you here, you know," Abbie said. "You came from under this tree, I suppose. And it's not raining now."

But just then she added, "Oh!" and walked quickly toward the maple. There was a piece of folded paper pinned to the trunk; she took it off, opened it and read it aloud.

It said: "Little girl at the foot of the hill, please keep the rag doll. I saw her go over the edge. She ran away from me because I was not good to her any more. Her name is Mary Jane."

Abbie held Mary Jane tight and danced round the tree.

"Now you belong to me!" she cried as she danced. "Now you belong to me!"

Then, still dancing, she set the words to a little tune that she made up out of her own head.

Mary Jane could not join in the song, but she danced with might and main; she waved her arms, and her skirts fluttered joyfully.

Neither she nor Abbie saw a little girl dodge behind a tree not far away. The little girl was smiling, too.—*Irene S. Wood, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

THE LAUGHING PRAYER

The sorry prayers go up to God
  Day after weary day,
They whimper through the eternal blue
  And down the Milky Way.

Deaf to the music of the stars,
  The children of desire,
Beggars before the Throne of God,
  They wait for God to tire.

The proletariat of Heaven
  Swarmed in the golden street
One day when Michael's host came by
  Up to the Judgment Seat.

Above the heavenly mansions
  Bright, streaming banners flowed,
While cherubim and seraphim
  Were crowding in the road.

And then a little, laughing prayer
  Came running from the sky,
Along the golden gutters where
  The sorry prayers went by.

It had no fear of anything,
  But in that holy place
It found the very Throne of God
  And smiled up in His face.

Then Michael waited in the road,
  For Michael understood,
While God looked on the laughing prayer
  And found it sweet and good.

So God was comforted. He said:
  "There still is hope for men.
One man prays happily!" And so
  He turned to care again.

Louise Driscoll, in New York Times.

HOW ONE LITTLE GIRL LEARNED TO READ

I have never taught a child to read, but I know how one little girl learned; and in spite of all the theories and all the "modern methods," I still think that it was the best way in the world.

The child had alphabet blocks, and when she asked what the marks on them meant, she was told the names of the letters, and she learned them, just as she learned the names of common objects, such as chair, spoon, table, dress, etc. Her father and mother did not care to have her learn to read; they thought it was quite as well for her to be interested in roses and ants and little brooks and trees and dolls, and they were not afraid that she would be slow in learning to use books when the time came.

Meanwhile, they read aloud to her, especially story-telling poems; and when they read, she always looked on the book. Gradually it came to her mind that a group of letters stood for a spoken word, and she began to point to each word as it was read aloud. She learned the verses by heart of course from hearing them read so often, and before long she was saying them over by herself, making believe that she was reading, and pointing to the words as she spoke them. She lost count occasionally, and in her "Why, Phoebe, are you come so soon?" she sometimes read "W-h-y" as "Phoebe," or "y-o-u" as "come." Sometimes she spelled a word aloud and asked what it was or what it meant.

She was especially fond of the "Blackberry Girl," and before her father and mother realized that she was doing any more than reciting it she had learned to read its twenty-one stanzas. Moreover, in reading this, she had learned some two hundred and fifty words, and could recognize them anywhere; she knew from the context what most of them meant.

Before she was seven years old, she was reading not only the Rollo Books but Gulliver's Travels and The Pilgrim's Progress,—omitting the sermons; and no one knew who had taught her. Perhaps this way of learning to read is not according to any of the twentieth century theories of education—but it worked.—*Eva M. Tappan.*

* * *

THE A. A. F. A.

We are ready to join just one more organization—the A. A. F. A. The A. A. F. A. is not organized, but when it is, we want to be a charter member.

It is the Association Against Further Associations.

Our mail is literally choked with appeals to join organizations, contribute to organizations, aid in promoting organizations, and help start still more organizations.

These organizations—most of them—ought to merge their work with the old-time organizations of broader scope.

The greater part of them are trying to do things that the church ought to do, and is doing to a large extent.

Half the energy that is put into these multifarious organizations, if put into the church, would accomplish far more.

We need to magnify the great organizations we already have, especially the greatest of all organizations, the Church of Christ.

Support the church better. Stir it up to do more. Give it better machinery, if it needs it. Add to its membership. Bring its forces together. Focus them on the world's evils.

And for the rest, the A. A. F. A.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

* * *

WHY, INDEED?

Being a pagan I can not understand why churches should not be centers of joy instead of institutions where it is forbidden to laugh or look happy except in a hushed sort of way. Mark Twain told Redpath not to make engagements for lectures in churches. "I never made a success of a lecture in a church yet," he wrote. "People are afraid to laugh in a church." Jesus, as you will remember, was a man who radiated happiness and joy. His neighbors liked to have him at weddings. Children liked to play with him. Why, then, all those gloomy churches?—*The Treasure Chest.*

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 24, Ponta, Tex.
April 29, Colorado Springs, Colo.
May 1-2, Denver, Colo.
May 3-10, Kansas and Missouri points as arranged by Southwestern Superintendent.
May 4-5, Hutchinson, Kan.
May 6-8, Junction City, Kan.
May 10, Elmer, Mo.
May 14-15, Indiana State Rally, Manchester.
May 16, Fork Ridge, W. Va.
May 20, Worcester, Mass., First Church.
June 7-10, Vermont Associations.
June 20-21, Ohio Convention.

* *

A NEW CHURCH IN THE SOUTHLAND

In the course of human events several Universalist families have moved to the city of Athens, Ga., where the State University is located. We have no church there, but I believe that Dr. Rowlett, while State Superintendent, held a few services in the city. The young people in these families, some of whom were members of the Y. P. C. U. in Atlanta and Canon, have now organized a local Union in Athens. Perhaps this will prove to be the forerunner of a Universalist church in this influential educational center. And a peculiar factor in it all is that the Director of Young People's Work had to come out to the Western Headquarters Office to learn about it. This may be incidental—or prophetic.

* *

GOD'S COUNTRY, WITH MAN-MADE IMPROVEMENTS

Hazel Kirk has not seen more cherry blossoms in a day than I have in the twenty-four hours since leaving Cleveland. Out here in the Western Reserve there are fruit trees everywhere, and the early spring has made the whole country-side a bower of pink and white.

Yesterday afternoon I had an excuse for going to the post-office, which is located as conveniently as many city post-offices, two miles from the village. If I had had no excuse, I would have made one, just for a chance to walk.

The way led along a country road—not the kind the word suggests, but one paved with concrete, or with bricks set in concrete better than most city boulevards. Along the road are large and comfortable houses, some of them the old farm homesteads, some of them new suburban residences. Not only are there the usual modern country conveniences, rural mail delivery and telephone lines, but electricity for light and power, gas for cooking, tractors for the heavier farm work and automobiles everywhere.

It is God's country:

"There's the stretch of the straight horizon-line,
And the long, long, reach of the level land,"

and every corner of it is filled with bloom. As I walked along the road the thought persisted, "They pay me a salary for coming to a place like this in spring-time." It seems wrong to take the money.

Amid such scenes our pride in modern improvements is almost ridiculous, and it is easy to understand that even these human achievements are really God's handiwork. Always He works through human instrumentalities, so when He wants to promote that travel and acquaintance which will ultimately pave the way to world-brotherhood, He puts into the mind and heart of man the dream that builds a railroad, paves a highway, or invents electric traction, and when He wants to save the world, He sends His Son, who is also the Son of Man, that His purpose may be accomplished.

Out here in North Olmstead, and in other places in the Western Reserve, there are many evidences of the early settlers from Connecticut, for at one time the south shore of Lake Erie was ruled from Hartford, in so far as it was ruled at all. One of these evidences is found in the architecture of the churches. Our church, where Rev. E. V. Stevens is the fortunate pastor, looks as if it had been transplanted from some Connecticut hill-top, but it has taken root here, is growing, and is adapting itself to its new environment. For North Olmstead, fourteen miles west of the center of Cleveland, is rapidly being transformed from a farming community into a city suburb. Much of the land is staked off into building lots, and a number of houses, costing up to $60,000, are being built.

Ours is the only church in the community, the nearest being two miles away. Standing at a place where three paved roads meet, it is seen by many hundreds who pass daily, and is readily accessible. Several years ago an addition was built to the old church, where social gatherings could be held. This is too small now, and plans are being made for doubling its size, so that it will provide a meeting place for the growing Sunday school, with the much-needed class rooms, and also a place for the amateur dramatic entertainments which are very popular. A recent gift to the church is the piece of property adjoining the old lot on the rear, and running through between two angling roads. This is to be used for tennis courts and a small community park and playground.

* *

NORWALK, OHIO

Few churches have a finer family spirit than the one in this attractive little city, where it was my privilege to attend a parish supper and so to enjoy this fellowship. For over a year the parish has been without a minister, but it has lost nothing in courage or faith, but it has lost a year's time in proclaiming its faith that others might hear.

What has been done in this "interregnum of pastorates," as Dr. Atwood used to call them, has been in no small measure due to Mr. Aro D. Sanders, a layman who loves his church and devotes much time to its work. And he has able helpers among both men and women.

From remarks made to me by not a few of those who attended the parish Get-together, I feel sure that the Norwalk church owes its fine spirit if not its continued existence to the Y. P. C. U. which has been a large factor in the life of this church, except at intervals, for perhaps thirty years. Many of those most active to-day were in the Union twenty years ago; they know the value of the organization, and are anxious that their sons and daughters shall have the benefit which its training confers.

In 1940 we should have a Universalist church of large numbers and influence if in every parish to-day, the church officials, and others, were as vitally interested in the work of the young people as they are in Norwalk.

Stanley Manning.

Norwalk, O., April 8.

For the Quiet Hour

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Emerson.

If God be so near as the very idea of Him necessitates, what other availing proof can there be of His existence than such awareness as must come of the developing relation between Him and us?

George Macdonald.

This is God's way; He does not allow us to store up manna for the morrow. For those who trust Him he finds both the morrow and the manna.

Joseph Parker.

Scientists tell us that aneroid barometers will correspond with mercurial ones a great deal more closely in the observatory than they do on the field or mountain side. So, conscience will coincide with the absolute law of right a great deal more accurately when there is no stress of temptation or of daily work to perturb it. And thus it comes about that it is possible for us to be breathing a poisonous atmosphere, and to have our lungs so habituated to the carbonic acid that we do not know how foul it is till we get out into purer air and take a deep breath of it. We all have sins altogether unsuspected by ourselves.

Alexander Maclaren.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

APRIL SHOWER

In connection with a recent church movement, there was one department called "Hundred Dollar Women," and many enrolled at this figure. In our "Patrons" list we enroll just this and in the fifty-one years of our existence nineteen women have placed their names in this list as follows:

Patrons

*Mrs. Maria S. Robbins, Brooklyn, N. Y.
*Mrs. Mary L. Goddard, '82, Newton, Mass.
Mrs. P. T. Barnum, '83, Bridgeport, Ct.
*Mrs. Carrie A. Wright, '83, Minneapolis, Minn.
*Mrs. Lyman Bickford, '83, Macedon, N. Y.
Mrs. Carolina A. Moore, '83, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Laura M. Hitchcock, Conesus, N. Y.
*Mrs. Sarah B. Stratton, Albion, Me.
*Mrs. Phebe Arnold, '88, Pawtucket, R. I.
Mrs. E. Judd Baldwin, '88, Milwaukee, Wis.
*Mrs. Clarissa L. Crane, '98, Stamford, Ct.
*Mrs. Harriett J. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.
*Mrs. Mary E. Gates, Marietta, Ohio.
*Miss Lucetta Coe, '01, Coe Ridge, O.
Mrs. J. Frank Eddy, '01, Bay City, Mich.
Mrs. Jane C. Sanderson, '01, Auburn, N. Y.
Mrs. Hannah R. Martin, '04, Athens, Mich.
*Miss Eleanor P. Hood, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, Newton, Mass.

Deceased.

Doubtless many of our women would become Patrons if they knew about it. A gift of $100 to the permanent fund of the W. N. M. A. at one time, makes one a Patron.

* *

Close upon the events at Gloucester, we approach all developments of our church work with more confidence, surely with a certain reverence and a feeling akin to awe. We realize anew, and perhaps with increased consecration, the responsibility laid on us in the heritage of the Universalist faith and the sanctity of the trusteeship.

The attitude towards the women's work of all communions is a different attitude than in the past, when it seemed to some, perhaps to many, to be a sort of annex to the original structure of the church, something not quite useful, not quite in harmony with the main building, quite like an L, to continue to speak in these terms.

Born after the strain and stress of the Civil War as nearly all our Women's Boards were, our own W. N. M. A. among the number, born because of the impact of the service at that time, we find that now and for the same reasons the Women's Boards are feeling an even greater impetus to go forward. Any plan at present will necessarily take in the work of women of the churches in its ground plan.

Sixty-three per cent of the church membership is estimated to be made up of women.

We have in our denomination approximately 50,000 families, and there must be one woman at least to a family; statisticians tell us the average is two women. In the one case, we have at least 50,000 women in our denomination, and may even believe that we have 100,000. We have about 52,000 church members, which would indicate, if the 63 per cent be correct, 32,700 women church members.

It would seem that a church member must believe in the missionary power of her faith, and we can count about 800 women enrolled in our ranks to-day; one-fourth, then, of our women church members are paying $1 a year for the work carried on by our Association, the only organization of Universalist women of inclusive scope that we have.

A young man studying for our ministry is taken off his feet by the bigness of some of the other denominations, and states, or implies any way, that he wishes to tie up to something larger. He can tie up to nothing larger than the Universalist faith in my opinion, but we must demonstrate that we are going to make our Church stand for what it is really worth by our support of it and our membership in it.

We have a great faith, a great message which we have profited by and which we are under obligation to pass on to others.

The W. N. M. A. exists as an effective channel through which this message can be carried even to the regions beyond. It pledges its loyalty, its active and literal support to our Church. It invites every person in the denomination to its membership, the women to active membership, the men to honorary contributing membership.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

* *
* NOTES MNEMONIC. 7. April *
* 23. Remember that our Loan Li- *
* brary contains the very best books *
* on all phases of Sunday school work *
* and that you have as much right to *
* them as any one else in the uni- *
* verse. Please investigate. *
* *

MISSIONARY EDUCATION

A large proportion of our schools give careful and interesting instruction about our work in Japan, but are satisfied when that is done and pay little heed to suggestions for farther work. But the real missionary spirit will not be developed among our young people until they know something more of Missions than the bare facts about our own Japanese work. All our schools are urged to use these last weeks of the Sunday school year for some missionary lessons of general significance. No better text-book can be found than "Lamplighters across the Sea." This is the method which one school has already used successfully. For three Sunday afternoons the teachers of all classes above the Primary met with the minister for a study of chapters one, two, and four of the book. Then for three Sundays the classes outside the Primary department omitted the regular lessons and studied these chapters. At the close of the session each Sunday, the minister gave a quiz on the chapter studied. One week volunteers were called to translate John 3 : 16 into various languages. Next Sunday the translations were posted on the Bulletin Board, eight in number, including one into Armenian by a boy who had recently entered the school. These were read to the school and a soloist sang the beautiful words, while each pupil was asked to memorize them. The minister pointed out what it would mean in some countries to hear this message for the first time. At the close of the series of lessons, money was collected from the pupils to present an English Bible to the Armenian boy. Certainly the whole school had a new conception of the value of the Scriptures and of the sacrifices that have been made to give their message to foreign lands.

* *

DEPARTMENT OF STANDARDS

For the year 1920, seven schools qualified as Standard Schools, reaching 100 per cent under the Efficiency Goal. These schools were at Stockton, Ill. (second year), Mitchellville, Iowa (second year), Gardiner, Maine (second year), Kingfield, Maine, West Paris, Maine, New Bedford and Springfield, Second, Mass.

Two schools qualified as Honor schools, reaching 100 per cent under the Higher Efficiency Goal. These schools were Woonsocket, R. I., and Akron, Ohio, both for the second year.

Undoubtedly other schools have as good a record, but have neglected to report for this Department. Send for blank and make us all glad by recording your achievements.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

The Greatest Failure in All History. By John Spargo.

In this book John Spargo gives us the cumulative benefit of his intensive study of the Russian situation. He presents documentary evidence that Sovietism as originally conceived has failed, and the present "Soviet" Government is a high-handed autocracy which subverts the chief aims of Bolshevism. Spargo sees Bolshevism as "a repellent and terrifying thing of malefic might and purpose. Possessed of every vice and weakness of capitalism with none of its virtues. Bolshevism is abhorrent to all who love liberty and hold faith in mankind. Promising plenty, it gives only famine; promising freedom, it gives only fetters; promising love, it gives only hate; promising order, it gives only chaos; promising fraternity, it gives only fratricide. No defense of Bolshevism has yet been made which is not in itself an accusation." Lenin, instead of crying "All power to the Soviet," says that "administration by a single individual is the only proper method of work," and Krassin confesses, "The people are beginning to recognize that the Bolshevist experiment has plunged them into a sea of blood and torment and aroused no more than a feeling of fatigue and disappointment." "The cumulative effect," concludes Spargo, "of the evidence of brutal oppression and savagery, of political trickery and chicane, of reckless experimentation, of administrative inefficiency, of corrupt bureaucratism, of outraged idealism and ambitious despotism, seems to me as terrible as anything I know—more terrible than the descriptions of czarism which formerly harrowed our feelings." On a more hopeful note he declares that "adequate resourcse of human character can make a tolerable degree of comfort possible under any sort of constitution," and that "if we would destroy Bolshevism we must destroy the illusions which surround it. Its real character known, we need not fear it. Light is the best agent to fight Bolshevism."

Flood Tide. By Sara Ware Bassett. Frontispiece, colored jacket. $1.90.

The scene of this story is the little town on the Cape, through which the Harbor Road runs, and where the three captains and Zenas Henry live—you remember them? It tells the love-story of Delight Hathaway, but the principal character is Willie Spence, a lovable man who is an optimist and inventor, "doctorin' and fixin' up things for the whole of Cape Cod from one end to the other, day in and day out," and has a "chronical" disregard for mealtimes, in spite of which his housekeeper, Celestina Morton, an efficient person who "never troubled the Lord about anything she could settle herself," quite worships him. He invents an attachment which prevents the seaweed from clogging the propeller of a motor-boat, which is a great success; but a greater is his philosophy:

"Look for the best, I say, and you get it every time. The universe is full o' kindly souls with hearts a-beatin' inside 'em, same as yours. Meet 'em with your hands out, an' their hands will come the other half way. . . . Folks ain't used the notion yet, much as they might, but they're gettin' round to, an' the day'll come when not to believe in the other fellow's soul will be like—well, like havin' a motor-boat without our attachment."

Sister Sue. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. Colored jacket. $2.00.

"Ask your sister Sue. She'll know." And she did know, and attended to this as to other matters, and took all the responsibility, and acted as a buffer between the rest of the family and the world, and gave up her career to stay at home that they might go—but you have met her, or another like her, for Sister Sues dot every community. They are beloving and beloved, the dear, unselfish salt of the earth, but they do make for selfishness and thoughtlessness in others. In this case, the blinded eyes are opened to a realization of the truth, through the plain-speaking of Granny Preston, who can tell the precise amount of soda necessary for a batch of biscuits or the perfect combination for a marriage, and Sister Sue begins to live her own life, a very different one from what she first planned, a blending of happy usefulness and romance.

Mrs. Porter completed the manuscript of this story just before her death, and considered it her best, embodying as it does her philosophy of joy through self-sacrifice.

Religion and Business. By Roger W. Babson.

A previous book by the Wellesley Hills statistician was pronounced just the tonic that a sick world needs; and his latest one should hasten convalescence, being a forecast of a better social situation.

His cheerful forecast is based upon the law of equal reaction, which the author traces from the bow and arrow, the spring, and the pendulum, through physical reactions to the mental ones. He shows us that the good features of psychic movements are founded on this law, and believes that thought waves are transmitted like sound waves, light waves, and electricity waves. "As what we see is simply a reaction of the sunlight on an image, so what others think may be largely a reaction of our thoughts."

Mr. Babson tells us that the command of Jesus that we love our enemies was not altruistic but of great economic possibilities; that recent experiments seem to indicate that Jesus was a practical psychologist; that the church has a scientific basis for religion; and that the nation aspiring to win and conquer must learn this law of kindness reacting as kindness and vice versa. "Socialism," he says, "is a splendid structure without a power plant. There are two known sources of human power, personal profit and religion," neither of which Socialism has. Yet, though pagan in its operation, he considers it Christian in conception.

Finally, we arrive at capitalism, which is not to be interpreted as accumulation and use of capital. We must be efficient and accumulate capital, but the rolling up of profit for the profit's sake must not be the dominating force—it would not only profit us nothing, but would appear on the debit side, for we should lose our own souls.

In brief, it all resolves itself into the Golden Rule, which is the simplest and best formula ever devised for conducting a church, a home, a business, a nation, or a world.

Raggedy Ann Stories. By Johnny Gruelle. Illustrated, boxed. $1.35.

A little girl climbs the stairs to the attic on a voyage of discovery and finds the rag doll her grandmother played with—it's funny how grandmothers used to be little girls, isn't it?—and she immediately becomes the most wonderful member of the doll family. Raggedy Ann has many adventures, and they are all told here, with such darling colored pictures,—you will love the book and want it read to you over and over. And best of all, rag dolls like the one in the pictures are to be had at the bookshops; so some day you will go skipping down the street with Mother to bring home a Raggedy Ann for your very own. Or perhaps Mother will bring her without telling you, and when you wake up on your birthday morning, a whole year older, you will find her smiling at you,—mothers have been known to do just that!

Raggedy Andy stories. By Johnny Gruelle. Illustrated, boxed. $1.35.

Raggedy Ann has a brother, Raggedy Andy, and they look very happy sitting together in the bookshop, waiting for some little mother to say, "Come home with me and be my children." He also has adventures—he rides on the spinning wheel and loses his arm, and Raggedy Ann sews it on again, he gets lost in the rain-pipe—ooh! it's dark down there; he goes to the Easter Bunny's home; and he has his smile repainted by Santa Claus, and lots of other "happenstances." And he is more attractive than his picture in the book—some of us never take good pictures, you know!

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

Some of our New Hampshire pastors received substantial additions to their church membership on Easter Sunday, and some did not. In other states doubtless the experience was similar. We honor and congratulate the successful ministers, and the distinction thus won is well worth having. At the same time there is something to be said for those whose success was small or wanting altogether. It should be remembered that faithful and earnest work in this field of ministerial labor does not always bring the wished for result. It may be that those who have no statistical result to show tried as hard as those who won their converts. Bringing men and women to make a decision in favor of church membership is sometimes a delicate and difficult matter, and parishes differ in this respect very much. But all those who run in the Christian race win. And this effort that brought no one, or only a few, to the altar was not thrown away. Thanks to the Murray Crusade, more people were invited, during the Lenten season just passed, to become members of the church than had ever been invited before. More were made to feel that they are welcome. Thoughts and questionings have been stirred. Possibilities never before considered have been brought into view. The attitude of many has been made more friendly. When the minister gets such replies as this to his invitation, "We are not ready now to unite with the church, but we are going to be more constant on Sunday mornings hereafter," he knows that his efforts have not been in vain. * * **Concord.**—A series of sermons on the Twenty-third Psalm and a series on the Beatitudes have drawn large congregations. On Easter Sunday 286 were present. Seven new members were received. The United Commercial Travelers have attended the morning service in a body. The Sunday school, which is here called "Junior Church," has doubled its attendance. Mr. Niles has given addresses outside before the Oriental Council of the Prince of Jerusalem at Nashua, at the anniversary of the Lafayette Guard at Lyndeboro, at the New Hampshire College Convocation, where an appeal was made for candidates for the ministry, and at the New England "Get-together" at Lawrence. The parish is making plans for a new vestry. A second number of a spicy little paper, the *Concord Universalist*, has been circulated. * * **Woodsville.**—Easter was a great day here. The attendance was large, especially at the concert in the evening, the figure being 225. The special offering was over $100. A feature of the morning service was the presentation to the church, by the friends and members of the society, of a beautiful silk American flag as a memorial to Clarence E. Randall, and also as a token of appreciation of the splendid services being given the church by Mrs. Randall. The pastor, Rev. Henry A. Parkhurst, received four into the church. * * **Claremont.**—An enthusiastic parishioner writes, "We have the best minister in the denomination." The immediate occasion for the judgment was a splendid Easter. The congregation numbered 300. The music was fine. President Hosea W. Parker gave a talk at the vesper service. Ten were received into the church, making seventy since the Baltimore Convention. The Easter offering was over $400. * * **Dover.**—On Easter Sunday Rev. F. L. Payson preached his farewell sermon. Six united with the church. During the last months of Mr. Payson's service there was also a marked growth in the Sunday school. The hope is strong that a pastor may soon be found. * * **Nashua.**—On Easter Sunday and Good Friday evening sixteen joined the church. Easter decorations, music and sermon were all in harmony and especially fine. And all was re-enforced by a concert by the Sunday school at which Miss Morgan, the religious instructor, told a charming story. The ladies gave a dinner for the delegates to the Methodist Conference recently held here, and one of the visiting clergymen, Rev. J. A. Seaver of Laconia, occupied Dr. Morrison's pulpit most acceptably. The whole church is saddened by the death of Daniel W. Perry. He was a most loyal and useful member, a former superintendent of the Sunday school for twenty years, trustee of the church for twenty-two years and treasurer of the State Convention for fourteen years. Few men would be missed more. * * **Kensington.**—Rev. Asa M. Bradley began the season's work on April 10. The people have shown their appreciation of their minister by making, without any prompting, an increase in his stipend. * * **Manchester.**—The largest attendance at any time and the largest offering during the pastorate of Mr. Yantis were features of the Easter service. The Sunday school is having a most gratifying growth, the problem being not more children in the school but more space to provide for its enlarged needs. The Ladies' Union now numbers over a hundred and is continuing its splendid work. Every Sunday brings accessions to the congregation and the presence of many visitors shows the high standing of the church. Sixteen went from the Y. P. C. U. to attend the "Get-Together" Conference at Lawrence, and came back enthusiastic over the happy and profitable time thus spent.

Frank W. Whippen.

Connecticut Letter

From all reports the Easter of 1921 will stand out as one of the greatest in our history. The results of the Crusade are better church attendance and larger membership accessions. * * **Hartford** reports a great Easter Sunday, a fine congregation, beautiful flowers, music and service. Dr. Adams' sermon, "Expectation: An Easter Credo," was written in blank verse. Twenty-two members were received, the largest number at any one time in a pastorate of twenty years. The Church Extension collection amounted to $235, with more to come. In the afternoon a service was held in one of the homes, at which a semi-invalid was taken into the church. The past year has been the most effective, busy and successful in Dr. Adams' long pastorate. His spirit is ever young and progressive, and no people have a more devoted pastor and friend than the splendid group at Hartford. * * **Meriden.**—Easter Sunday evening the last service of the season of the Union Community services of the Meriden churches, in which the Universalist church participated, was held in the town hall auditorium. Over one hundred singers gave the oratorio "Elijah." The auditorium was packed to the doors. * * **Danbury.**—After a siege of illness, Rev. W. P. Farnsworth, pastor of the Danbury church, is able to occupy his pulpit again. * * The **Bridgeport** church is one of our busiest. The annual parish meeting marked the completion of a successful year. A fine start has been made toward paying off the indebtedness of the church, and the Sunday school has had a splendid growth. On April 15 the Tufts College Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave an entertainment. * * The **New Haven** Easter congregation was the largest of the present pastorate. Twenty-three were received into the church. Dr. Fischer is beginning his sixteenth year of his service in this parish. His daughter is a student in Bryn Mawr. It was suggested that a copy of "From Good Luck to Gloucester" be placed in the library of that college. The gift was gratefully received by the college authorities. * * Connecticut has adopted the quota plan for the Japan Mission. Our quota is $1000. Some of the churches have sent in their offerings already and we hope that all will take their annual offering for Japan before vacation. Each parish will have to work harder than ever before to raise the state quota.

Theodore Fischer.

Mid-West Letter

For the last six weeks I have been campaigning rather strenuously. I spent several days in the little town of Table Grove, Ill., the former home of that grand old man of our faith, Rev. John Hughes. I was royally entertained at the home of Mr. Hall. I also had dinner at the hospitable home of Aunt Prudence Berry, who for so many years has had to sit in a wheel chair. She is a true friend of every one, and of Universalist ministers in particular. She rolls her chair from her porch to the church just on the next lot, every Sunday. I preached in this town several days to large audiences. A number united with the church at Easter. * * **Abingdon, Ill.**, was the next point of attack. For several years this church was closed. At my request, Rev. William Gaskin of Avon, a few miles away, had gone there and planned for a season of special "revival meetings." The Sunday before I came he preached to a good-sized audience, and on the evenings of the following week splendid crowds came. Everybody seemed to become interested at once. As a result, the people voted unanimously to call Mr. Gaskin to preach for them every Sunday evening. Seven new members were received into the church, and more are soon to follow. Another week of evangelistic meetings will be held in the near future. * * The people of **Galveston, Ill.**, had earnestly entreated me to come there for a series of special meetings, and so on March 8 the series, which lasted two weeks, began. It has been a long time since I encountered so much opposition to Universalism as in Galveston, but gradually it melted away as the preaching went on. As many as three hundred people came to a single service. One young man is going to enter the ministry. He and his wife both joined the church. Dr. Fisher is now in correspondence with him. Twelve in all joined the church during the meetings, and two the following Sunday. The church voted to raise three times as much money as ever before, and to call a minister for whole time instead of half time. * * Special meetings were held in Litchfield, Ill., with Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., as pastor. He has recently resigned to go to LeRoy, but before he left seven united with the church. He has done a very substantial work in Litchfield, and is one of the strongest preachers in the West. * * Easter Sunday the people were completely rained out at Sharpsburg, Ill., where I had gone to hold a series of meetings. Unfortunately these well-to-do people in this rich section of the state have the poorest roads imaginable. When it rains, nothing but some old horse or mule hitched to a buggy can get you anywhere. After the hard Easter rain, I gave it up and went home. There will be good roads in that section some day. They have voted bonds, and millions soon will be spent on the roads. The people have automobiles, expensive ones, too, but when it rains only the horse and buggy can get over the roads. And nowadays, this is too slow—people will not go to church that way. * * At the present writing I am in the beautiful city of Indianapolis engaged in a series of revival meetings in the Central Church, where Rev. Edwin Cunningham is pastor. Much advertising is being done, and it looks as though the meetings were going to be really worth while. From here I go to Markesan, Wis. My next letter will contain a report of these meetings.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

April 1-30. W. N. M. A. Membership "April Shower."

April 30.-May 1. Vermont and Quebec Y. P. C. U. Rally and "Pep" Banquet, Rutland, Vt.

May 10, 11, 12. Board of Trustees of General Convention meet in New York.

May 11. Connecticut State Convention, Bridgeport.

May 17. Massachusetts Universalist Sunday School Association Convention, Melrose.

May 18-19. Massachusetts State Convention, Melrose.

June 8-10. Iowa Convention, Waterloo.

June 10-12. Kansas State Convention.

June 18-19. Missouri State Convention.

June 20-23. Ohio State Convention, Kent.

June 21-23. Pennsylvania State Convention, Linesville.

June 23-25. Missionary Institute, at Tufts College, Mass.

July 13-19. National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 22-31. Chattanooga Institute.

July 31-August 21. Ferry Beach Institute.

Sept. 11-17. Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Chicago.

Oct. 19-23. General Convention, Detroit.

Biennial meeting, National Order of Universalist Comrades, Detroit, Mich.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 121. Utica, N. Y., 3; Madison, N. Y., 4. Total, 128.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported	2,387
Norwich, Ct.	6
Urbana, Ill.	17
Galveston, Ind.	2
Hopkinsville, Ky.	3
Saugus, Mass.	7
Dover, N. H.	1
Winthrop, N. Y.	8
Utica, N. Y.	14
Madison, N. Y.	9
Cooperstown, N. Y.	5
Lockport, N. Y.	2
Cortland, N. Y.	6
St. Albans, Vt.	1
Total	2,468

Connecticut

Meriden.—Rev. H. B. Taylor, pastor. With a membership of eighty-eight members, the Mission Circle has had an active year. It has raised over $250, and has contributed liberally to Camp Hill, Suffolk Training School, the Blackmer Home and other Japan missionary work, as well as giving $20 for two Hoover children and paying $25 for the expenses of a delegate at Northfield. It has also furnished flowers for the pulpit on Sundays which have later been sent to the sick and shut-ins.

Norwich.—Rev. George H. Welch, pastor. Our annual church and parish meetings were held April 4, preceded by a supper served by the Ladies' Aid Society. The church meeting was presided over by Mr. Welch, who gave a report of the work of his first year with us, expressing pleasant anticipations for the coming year. Our congregations have doubled. Fourteen new members have just been added to the church and more are still to come. The parish meeting, following the church meeting, was presided over by Sumner W. Armstrong, president of the board of trustees. Reports showed a healthy condition, and a goodly balance in the treasury of all the departments. The pastor's salary was increased $200. Prospects are bright for continuous growth.

Georgia

Columbus.—Under the leadership of Rev. A. G. Strain, State Superintendent, a church with twenty members was organized here the first Sunday in April.

Illinois

Urbana.—Rev. R. D. Cranmer, pastor. Two members were received on Palm Sunday and fifteen on Easter Sunday. At the annual meeting April 6, reports showed progress in all departments and a church free from pressing financial problems. We have a nearly fifty per cent increase in membership, with more prospective members in view. Everybody is boosting the good work.

Maine

Dover and Foxcroft.—Rev. J. Frank. Thompson, pastor. Activities in this parish have been fully resumed. Mr.

Thompson began his pastorate on Easter Sunday, and on April 6 a reception was held. Addresses of welcome were made by resident pastors of other churches to which Mr. Thompson responded. The Sunday school has been reorganized with the pastor as superintendent. The prospects for the coming year are promising.

South Portland.—Another new chapter of Comrades has been formed in Maine under the leadership of State President Lewis L. Peck. Following a banquet served at 6.30 the chapter was organized here, with seventeen charter members. Officers were elected as follows: President, J. G. Ross; vice-president, Charles McLellan; secretary, F. W. Cole; treasurer, F. O. Dyer, and executive committee the above officers and A. R. Johnson, A. S. Strout, and H. B. Purington.

Massachusetts

Cambridge, First.—Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor. The young people of the church are getting out a little paper of their activities, entitled "Doings." The first issue contained the "Cambridgeites" version of the New England Rally at Lawrence which fourteen from this church attended. The Dramatic Club is rehearsing for the play "For One Night Only" under the direction of Mrs. Wilson. The play was recently given at the Copley Theater in Boston.

Salem.—Rev. U. S. Milburn, pastor. On his recent visit as John Murray lecturer to North Carolina, Mr. Milburn reported giving thirty-five addresses, not including talks at Sunday school and Young People's meetings. His church has granted him another leave of absence to go to Baltimore, where he will speak April 17 and 24. On Easter morning six hundred attended church, and an offering of $1,000 was received. A Sunday school concert was held in Bolles Hall following the church service.

Minnesota

Rochester.—Rev. John Bancroft Bisbee, pastor. Our congregations are larger than last year, and our constituency is considerably increased. The Easter offering amounted to nearly $400. In the evening the leading choral society of the city sang the Easter cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus." The Sunday school has been reorganized and is showing healthy growth. A Y. P. C. U. has been organized which holds regular devotional meetings. We have also started an Open Forum with good results. It is rather an expensive proposition because we are off the line of travel for good speakers, but the Forum is being conducted along community lines and many people outside the church are helping to bear the financial burden. Our fine bulletin board which stands in front of the church is always busy as a wayside pulpit, having a different message every week. Now that warm weather has come there are many strangers and patients of the Mayo Clinic around town. Our beautiful auditorium is open to the public every day of the week, and has many visitors who come in "to rest and pray." Our church is far from perfection, but we believe we are moving in the right direction.

New Hampshire

Berlin.—On May 15 a chapter of Comrades will be organized here, when Lewis L. Peck of Lewiston is to be with us. Thirty men are already pledged to become members.

New York

Cortland.—Rev. George J. Porter, pastor. Easter found our church in line with the Crusade, six being taken into membership. Fine music was furnished by the new choir. The attendance of ninety-seven was the largest of the present pastorate. The first annual roll call of the Sunday school found fifty-four members out of a membership of sixty-eight present. Reports showed a steady growth in Sunday school attendance.

Bristol.—Rev. O. F. Alvord, pastor. This is a strictly rural parish, drawing its congregations from a radius of four miles. The attendance nevertheless exceeds the average of many village churches. The annual meeting was well attended, the treasurer reporting, for the first time in many years, all bills paid and no deficit. Besides the Sunday school collection for the Near East, several orphan's plates are in use and an orphan has been adopted. The young people have organized a society to supply the recreational needs of the community. We have a representative on the state boards of the Sunday School Association, the Women's Missionary Association, and the Y. P. C. U.

Winthrop.—For the past year the church has been getting along very well. Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Peters of the Canton Theological School preach on alternate Sundays, and we like them both very much. On a recent Sunday, Dr. John Murray Atwood was with us and received eight new members into the church, an evidence of the splendid work done by the two young preachers. We hope to have them with us for some time yet.

Victor and Canandaigua.—Rev. E. L. Halfacre, who was obliged to give up the pastorate of these churches at the beginning of the winter because of ill health, left both societies in excellent condition. The pulpits have been supplied by Rev. O. F. Alvord of Bristol. The attendance at the Sunday service has been good and there has been no abatement of interest. The Mission Circle co-operated with the other missionary societies of Canandaigua in a rally in the Methodist church. On Sundays, April 10 and 17, the pulpits were supplied by Rev. J. L. Everton of Clinton, N. C.

Lockport.—Rev. William J. Metz, pastor. April 11 was the occasion of the burning of a mortgage which has been upon the church property for more than a half century. At the morning church services a congregation nearly double the usual attendance greeted Dr. G. D. Walker, State Superintendent, and Rev. Harry Wright of Hornell, N. Y., a former pastor of this church, both of whom gave addresses. The Y. P. C. U. held a devotional service at 6.30 in charge of W. Arthur McNair, following which was a service of worship conducted by the pastor, at which Dr. John Smith Lowe, Rev. John Sayles of Buffalo, and Fred C. Carr were the speakers. Dr. Pratt of Plymouth Church brought the greetings of other churches in the city. At the close of the service the mortgage was burned by Frank B. Lewis.

Utica.—Rev. L. C. Nichols, pastor. This has been a banner year. The attendance chart shows a much higher line than last year. The Men's Club has been busy. It sponsored a Boy Scout Troop, which is a "hummer," working with one of the best scoutmasters in the city. The club gave a concert April 12 in which many of the leading musical artists of the city took part. On April 20 Judge Bell of Herkimer spoke to the club on "The Growing Wave of Crime." Easter Sunday brought a glorious spring day and the largest congregations in the history of the church. Fourteen united with the church, one of whom was a young man who intends to enter the ministry. The flowers, given in memory of departed friends and relatives, filled the entire chancel. The offering was exceptionally liberal. The Sunday school has just ended a contest which added many new members. Mr. Nichols has taken part in the city's activities and is now helping in the Chinese Relief Fund. He is to speak before the Kiwanis Club April 20.

Ohio

Cincinnati.—Rev. Harold G. D. Scott, minister. With an enrollment of over fifty members, our Clara Barton Guild is the largest in the state. It has raised and paid in $772 on the Big Drive, completing the payment of its pledge of one thousand dollars. It has also paid its pledge of $1500 to the Midori Kindergarten and the pledge of $25 to the Ohio Convention chest, besides supporting for the second year a French orphan. The pastor is now directing the mission study, using as a text, "The Bible and Missions."

Pennsylvania

Girard.—Rev. H. H. Graves, pastor. The reports given at the annual meeting were highly satisfactory. The church contributed liberally to the Armenian Relief, Camp Hill, Suffolk Training School, the General Sunday School Association and Japan, as well as sending its full quotas to the General and State Conventions. We have adopted the budget plan and find it a decided improvement on the old plan of depending upon social affairs and special offerings for revenue. The past year has been one of the best. We had a

large congregation at Easter. Five new members were received and others will join later. We made a great campaign for church members just before the Crusade was launched, receiving the largest class in the history of the church. We are sorry not to count them in on the Crusade. A report from this church would not be complete without mentioning our church mother, Mrs. E. J. Rockwell, who has lately celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She has loved and served the church for many years, and is still its treasurer.

Vermont

St. Albans.—Rev. T. L. Drury, pastor. Our Easter services were largely attended, the Y. P. C. U. the Juniors, and the Sunday school giving special programs. One new member was received into the church.

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ATTENTION INDIANA YOUNG PEOPLE

Start making your plans now to spend Saturday and Sunday, May 14 and 15, at the Manchester Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Rally. We expect to have our National Director with us at that time and to have even a better time than we had at Muncie in January.

A big truck will meet the train which arrives at Bonnell, Indiana, at six o'clock. We want delegates from every Indiana church—the more delegates the better time we will have.

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UNIVERSALIST CLUB OF BOSTON

The Universalist Club of Boston held a meeting and dinner at Hotel Bellevue Monday evening, April 11. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Clarence Cowing, pastor of the First Universalist Church of Malden. Following the dinner the members joined in singing familiar songs. Three new members were elected. The report of the Executive Committee was read by Secretary V. A. Sears and that of the treasurer by Roscoe Pierce. Mr. Joseph Horton presented the report of the Auditing Committee. The Nominating Committee presented the following names for officers for the coming year: President, William R. Thomson, Roxbury; vice-president, Judge Oscar Marden, Boston; secretary, V. A. Sears, Somerville; treasurer, Roscoe Pierce, Chelsea, directors, George Tell of Swampscott, Dr. W. H. Baker of Roxbury and Carlton Hicks of West Somerville. These were unanimously elected.

The president brought before the Club the project of the purchase of a phonograph for the use of one of our workers in Japan, Miss Hazel Kirk. A recess of five minutes was taken when it was found that $33 had been contributed.

The Rev. Fred Alban Weil, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Quincy, was the speaker of the evening.

The Universalist Club has had a most successful year and plans to make the coming one its best. The next regular meeting will be held in November.

W. R. Thomson.

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Notices

CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION

The eighty-ninth annual session of the Connecticut Universalist Convention will be held in Bridgeport on Wednesday and Thursday, May 11 and 12, 1921. A large attendance of delegates and friends of the faith is greatly to be desired. Isolated Universalists in the state are cordially invited to attend.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

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BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEETING

The regular May meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City, on May 10 at 9.30 a. m., to receive reports and transact such business as may legally come before said meeting. All matters to be presented to the Board must be in the hands of the Secretary not later than May 2.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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IOWA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Otto Raspe has been accepted into the Iowa Universalist Convention on a letter of transfer from the jurisdiction of Maine.

O. G. Colegrove, Secretary.

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PUBLIC MEETING

Women's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts

Universalist Church, Quincy, Mass., Thursday, April 28, 1921.

Morning session at 10.30, Miss Rita M. Hayward, District Vice-President, presiding. Devotional Service. "From Our Mail Bag," Miss Alice J. Farrar. "Our Bethany Union," Mrs. Frances T. Endicott. "Our Young People, the Most Valuable Asset of Our Church," Mrs. Nellie C. Wadleigh.

Recess. Box Lunch. Coffee.

Afternoon session at 1.30, Rev. Mrs. Nancy W. P. Smith, State President, presiding. Devotional service, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Reardon. "Jonah," Rev. Arthur E. Wilson. "Assets and Liabilities," Miss Anna W. Johnson. "The Vital Principle," Rev. Hendrik Vossema.

Friends starting from Boston please consult South Station "Information" as to trains.

The church is on Washington Street, five minutes from R. R. station.

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W. U. M. S. OF MASSACHUSETTS

Official Call

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts will be held in the Universalist Church, Melrose, Mass., May 18, 1921, at 9.30 o'clock a. m., for the following business:

1. The election of officers for the ensuing year.
2. The consideration of and action on the following amendments to the by-laws, recommended by the Board of Managers:

In the Preamble, strike out "union and" and insert after Massachusetts Universalist Convention "and the Woman's National Missionary Association of the Universalist Church."

Throughout the Manual the word "Managers" shall be changed to "Directors."

In Article III, Sec. 1, change so it shall read: "This Society shall be composed of all women who are members of a Mission Circle, auxiliary to this society, or who pay annually into the treasury the sum of one dollar or more, such persons to be called Members at Large," etc.

In Article III, Sec. 2, it shall read, "Men may become Honorary Annual or Honorary Life Members," etc.

In Article IV, Sec. 1, strike out "as apportioned by the Massachusetts General Convention" and add "This Board of Directors shall determine the Districts." In Sec. 2, insert "and voting" in the last line so that it shall read "delegates present and voting."

In Article VII, Section 1, reverse the second clause.

In Section 3 (a), strike out "of the Society not connected with Mission Circles" and insert "at Large." In Section 3 (c), strike out "and all bills presented to the Treasurer." In Section 5 (a), strike out "which are approved by the Board of Directors and attested by the Recording Secretary" and insert "which are recommended by the Finance Committee and approved by the Board of Directors."

Insert this new section in Article VII, number it 6. "The Finance Committee shall attest all bills and present them to the Board of Directors for final approval, and, subject to instructions from the Board of Directors, have full supervision of the investments of the Society, and may call upon the treasurer at any time for detailed information as to its financial affairs."

Number the present Section 6 7, and 7 8.

In the old Section 6 take out (e) entirely.

Take out entirely the amendment concerning Auxiliary Secretary numbered Article VII, Sec. 8.

In Article VIII, Section 2, add "Members at Large and Clara Barton Guilds."

(b) Insert "Each Clara Barton Guild," change "two" to "one" and strike out "of this Society," so it shall read, "Each parish not having a Mission Circle shall be entitled to one delegate for ten Members at Large or less."

Article XI, Section 3 (an amendment to be omitted. It concerns Auxiliaries.)

Article XII to be changed to read: "Tufts College Fund for Women—1. A fund to be called the Tufts College Fund for Women for the use of students in any department of Tufts College or in Jackson College. 2. This fund may be raised by bequests, donations or subscriptions to the amount of ten thousand dollars or more. This fund to be used on application to the Board of Managers." Note. See Scholarship Rules.

3. The transaction of any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

Each Mission Circle is entitled to one delegate for every ten members, or fractional part thereof, in addition to its president and secretary who shall be delegates ex officio.

A. Louise Barker,
Recording Secretary.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. C. E. Petty, having removed to Binghamton, N. Y., has been granted a letter of transfer to the New York Convention.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. J. Frank Thompson was transferred April 11 to the Maine Convention by letter granted by this Committee.

C. F. McIntire, Secretary.

* *

Obituary

Rufus D. Andrews

Rufus D. Andrews, deacon emeritus of the Nashua, N. H., church, died at the John M. Hunt Home in Nashua, Feb. 13. For over fifty years he had been a subscriber to *The Leader* and never lost interest in the affairs of the denomination. The church loses a faithful member by his death.

Daniel W. Perry

Daniel W. Perry of Nashua, N. H., died Wednesday, April 7. He was superintendent of the Sunday school for twenty-two years, treasurer of the church for twenty years, and for many years treasurer of the State Convention, holding that office at the time of his death. He was paymaster and corporation clerk of the Nashua Manufacturing Company. The *Nashua Telegram* spoke of him editorially as a man who "filled a large place in the activities of the city, and who will be greatly missed in the community at large, for he was the sort of man that any community is the richer for his having lived and wrought therein."

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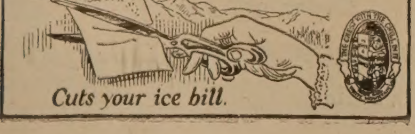

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Crackling

Germany doesn't know how easy the Allies are making it for her. Suppose they should require her to fill out an income-tax blank.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

* *

We don't know who it was who wrote the income tax blank, but we are certain that he stole his style either from Robert Browning or Henry James.—*New York World.*

* *

Any activity in Petrograd is called an uprising. She has reached a point where there is no way to go but up.—*Boston Post.*

* *

Father Duffy is credited by the *New York World* with this after-dinner story:

"An old sexton asked me, 'Father, weren't the Apostles Jews?' I said they were. Puzzled, he demanded: 'Then how the deuce did the Jews let go of a good thing like the Catholic Church and let the Eytalians grab it?' "—*The Outlook.*

* *

He: "Have you read Nicholas Nickleby?"

She: "No, I don't care for those Russian novels."—*Sun Dial.*

* *

"Let me tell you about the dream I had last night."

"Never mind, I saw you with her."—*Orange Peel.*

* *

"What are you stopping the car for?"

"The road book says to turn north and follow the trolley, and now we'll have to wait until one comes along."—*Widow.*

* *

Rubber-paved streets are to be given a trial in London. And, with silent motor-engines, our only traffic noises soon should be the shrieks of injured pedestrians.—*London Opinion.*

* *

"I've borrowed our neighbor's phonograph for this evening."

"Giving a party?"

"No, but I'm going to have one quiet evening at home this winter."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

A child is born in the neighborhood; the editor gives the loud lunged youngster and the happy parents a send-off and gets $0.00. It is christened and the minister gets $5 and the editor gets $0.00. The editor blushes and tells a dozen lies about the beautiful and accomplished bride. The minister gets $10 and a piece of cake and the editor gets $0.00. In the course of time she dies; the doctor gets from $15 to $100, the minister gets perhaps another $5, the undertaker gets from $75 to $200, the editor prints an obituary two columns long and a card of thanks and gets $0.00. No wonder so many country editors get rich. Have you paid your subscription?—*Altamont Times.*

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